

THE
BIRMINGHAM
COUNTERFEIT;
OR,
INVISIBLE SPECTATOR.

VOL. II.

A

THE NEW YORK

COUNTY

IN SENATE

THE
BIRMINGHAM
COUNTERFEIT;
OR,
Invisible Spectator.

A
SENTIMENTAL ROMANCE.

— — — Let us beat this ample Field,
Try what the Open, what the Covert yield:
Eye *Nature's* Walks, shoot *Folly* as it flies,
And catch the *Manners* living as they rise. POPE.

VOLUME II.

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THE
BIRMINGHAM
COUNTERFEIT.

CHAP. I.

*Counterfeit enters into the service of a
French countess.*

THE next service I entered into was that of the countess Lamour, who was then married to a young nobleman equally illustrious for his virtues and the grandeur of his descent. The count neglected no opportunity to procure for his lady all those amusements, which it is natural for persons of her

2 *The Birmingham Counterfeit.*

sex and years to be fond of; and my mistress, on her side, made it her chief care to merit his esteem by an exact and prudent conduct, and to preserve his love by a softness, and attention to please. This love was always tender and sincere, uniform and constant, neither imbibtered with jealousy, nor palled by any of those disgusts, which too often follow the possession of what we have most ardently desired : but this happiness, like every other sublunary enjoyment, was not to last for ever.

The Chevalier De Feu happened to see the countess one evening at the play. This gentleman's birth was noble, his face, though beautiful to excess, was without effeminacy, and his person, though eminently genteel, was bold and manly ; to the frank and easy manners of a soldier, he joined the polished elegance of a court. The chevalier was in his thirtieth year, and my
mistress

mistress in her seventeenth : all her features were regular and charming, and a thousand nameless graces were diffused over her whole form, and captivated the heart of every beholder ; but her person, lovely as it was, was her least perfection : she had an excellent understanding cultivated by reading and reflection, a wit lively and pleasing, a noble and generous mind, and a sweetness in her manners, that secured all those hearts which the charms of her person had first surprised. She was early taught, that beauty, when not accompanied by virtue, and the brightest graces of the mind, could never hope for the esteem of wise and good men, whose eyes it only pleased, but could not extend its influence to the heart ; and that the greatest personal advantages, if not strengthened by virtue, were the most fatal gifts that nature could dispense.

4 *The Birmingham Counterfeit.*

At the first sight of my amiable mistress, her charms made a deep impression on the heart of the chevalier: he was so wholly engrossed by it, that he was indifferent to every thing else, nor could he give a moment's attention to any other object. After the first sight of her, he returned home full of pleasing anxiety; he was no longer that fiery warrior, whose soul till then had been accessible to no other passion than glory. O powerful love, how in a moment dost thou fix thy empire in our souls, and suspend or destroy every other passion!

When the chevalier was informed that the countess was married, he felt much grief and perplexity. Though he had never seen my mistress but once, yet he had some slight acquaintance with the count, her husband; and he conceived, that the best way to get an introduction to the wife was to commence a strict friendship with the husband; and
here

here his success was answerable to his wishes. The Count Lamour thought it an honour to be ranked among the particular friends of the Chevalier De Feu, and met his advances with such eagerness, that in a short time they became inseparable.

What a pity it is, that love, which softens the heart of the most savage and obdurate tyrant, should sometimes tempt the most generous mind to wander from the path that leads to virtue and honour! And yet, how many instances are there, in which the man, who has displayed the most consummate abilities in every station of life, in which he has engaged, has at last lost himself in the arms of love. Mark Anthony was not the first, nor will he be the last. Perhaps, those imaginary regions of the ancient poets, Cytheria, Paphos, and Idalia, are to be found in every habitable part of the globe. Complain not, ye fair,

6 *The Birmingham Counterfeit.*

of the superiority of mankind over your sex, since you hold in their hearts an unlimited empire, which in a great measure renders them your vassals !

The chevalier, to prevent giving the count any suspicions, had at first regulated all his actions, his words, and even his looks, with so much prudence, that nothing escaped him in his presence, which could discover his real sentiments; he was neither too free, nor too reserved, and kept so just a medium, that his behaviour had not the least appearance of artifice or affectation. The count had a taste for magnificence and pleasure. The chevalier was always with him either at his house, or some public diversion, after which, till the hour of supper arrived, they amused themselves with walking in some of those enchanting gardens, which constitute one of the chief pleasures of Paris.

The

The charming countess made one in all their parties ; for the chevalier would have thought them insipid without her presence ; but still no opportunity offered to speak to her in private. In vain he endeavoured to conceal his torments : the soft languor that appeared in his eyes when they met those of the countess, gave her some suspicion of his passion ; but the unfortunate lover gained no advantage from those suspicions. At length, the fatal flame that preyed upon his heart began to affect his health : he grew pale and wan, and a fixed melancholy appeared in his countenance and behaviour.

The Count Lamour perceived, with the greatest uneasiness, the visible alteration in the chevalier's countenance, and began to be alarmed for his health : he demanded of him, with the utmost tenderness, if any thing gave him uneasiness, which was in his power to remove ; and,

if the cause of his sorrow was not to be remedied, begged that he might partake part of it. The sincerity of the count so disconcerted the Chevalier De Feu, that for a time he knew not what answer to make ; but at last, recollecting himself, attributed the cause of his change of countenance to a slight headache, to which he said he was frequently liable. The count then invited the chevalier to accompany him to his country seat at Beauplan, where he assured him he would breathe a most delightful air, and find amusements enough to chase away his melancholy, as the time of the year, and the beautiful situation of the place, promised many things.

On their arrival here, the Chevalier De Feu soon found his mistake, in flattering himself that the calm pleasures of retirement would alleviate his cares ; for the groves and meads, thick woods and winding alleys, with
the

the soft music of birds, and murmuring streams, tho' they soothed his love, they encreased his flame. He had likewise vainly hoped, that in the country he should find his mistress less engaged; for, on their arrival, all the neighbouring gentry came to pay their respects to the count and his lady, and for fifteen days there was such a constant succession of visitors, that the chevalier never found the countess alone one moment during the whole time.

The count and chevalier were one day on a stag-hunting, while the countess remained at home with her husband's brother, a youth about twenty years of age. My mistress, as soon as she had dined, desired him to walk out with her, to meet the hunters in their return. They had entered a wood, whose dark embowering shades for ever excluded the sun, and made it look like the eternal abode of solitude and silence. They

sat down at the root of a tree to rest themselves a moment, when their attention was immediately engaged by a voice at a little distance: they got up, and walking very softly almost to the place from whence it proceeded, they distinctly heard these words: "Unhappy wretch, what is it thou hopest for? Why dost thou waste the miserable remains of thy life in this wild solitude? Art thou resolved to die thus obscurely, and not have the melancholy pleasure of letting her, for whom thou diest, know the sacrifice thou makest her? Ah, too-lovely countess, (added he, after a moment's pause) is it possible that my eyes have not discovered to you the flame you have kindled in my heart? Sure, if you knew the torments, your compassion at least would meet the wretch you have undone! No, no, I deceive myself; your haughty virtue would suggest to you, that I ought to die unpitied

pitied and unlamented. Wretch that I am, dare I avow such sentiments ! Is it for me to form such audacious hopes ! Is it for me to make such unjust complaints ! Ought I not rather to blush at my own baseness ! I who seek to violate the sacred rights of hospitality, and break through all the tender ties of friendship ! Yet, alas, mine is an involuntary crime : I love, and who can resist the force of that imperious passion ?”

My mistress, unwilling to hear more, left the forest with precipitation. It was not difficult for her to discover, that she herself was the subject of those complaints she had just heard, and that it was the Chevalier De Feu who had uttered them. That unhappy lover, having stolen away from the chace, had thrown himself under the shade of a tree in that part of the wood, not imagining he should be overheard in a place,

which seemed to him to be a fit recess only for wretches like himself. The countess, whose mind was in great agitation, retired to her apartments as soon as she reached home, to consult with her brother what was to be done on so unhappy an occasion. After various proposals, it was at last agreed, that the countess should write a letter to the chevalier, which the young count was to copy in a disguised hand, and leave it in a place, where he was sure the chevalier would find it.

As soon as the company was broke up, the chevalier retired to his apartments, undressed himself, and approaching his bed, found on his pillow the fatal letter, which was conceived in these words :
“ Fly from this hospitable house, which thou hast violated with thy impure designs ! Fly, rash and presumptuous man ! Heaven has permitted thy impious thoughts to be disclosed, which thou
hadst

hadst vainly imagined were hid in the inmost recesses of thy heart ; and, out of the depth of a vast forest, amidst the shade of an eternal night, has brought thy crime into open day. Unworthy as thou art of the name of a gentleman, thou hast plotted the dishonour of the Count Lamour, thy friend ; and, not satisfied with having formed designs against the innocence of his wife, thou hast the audacity to resolve upon confessing thy passion to her—a passion as odious as it is criminal. Thy death had been already the punishment of thy crime, if thy injured friend and his wife, both equally outraged, had been made acquainted with thy purpose ; but if heaven has permitted, that they should be still ignorant of it, it is because thou shouldest have time to reflect upon the horror of thy enterprise. Fly, then, instantly from a place where, if thou shouldst happen to be discovered, nothing

thing could preserve thee from the fury of their just resentment."

What a cruel stroke was this to a tender lover, to have all his hopes blasted in a moment, and deprived for ever of the sight of her who was dearer to him than life ! Pale, trembling, and overwhelmed with the deepest despair, he remained for a long time motionless, with his eyes fixed on the fatal letter. He could not comprehend by whom it had been written with such an appearance of mystery ; but he knew that he was discovered, and that the complaint he had made that day in the forest had been overheard. Oppressed with grief, he threw himself on his bed, but sleep was a stranger to his eyes. In vain he endeavoured to guess the author of this cruel letter ; the more he reflected upon it, the greater uncertainty he found himself in, and the more his trouble encreased. But miserable as he knew
he

he should be, when deprived of the sight of his dear countess, yet he resolved to quit the castle of Beauplan immediately.

Getting up early the next morning, he went to the count's apartment, where, as his good fortune would have it, he also found the countess his wife. The chevalier then acquainted the count, that business of the utmost secrecy and importance commanded his presence at court, and begged pardon for the abrupt manner in which he was obliged to leave him. The count, who tenderly loved the chevalier, expressed the utmost concern at his hasty departure. At this instant, the count being called out of the apartment on some particular business, the chevalier and the countess were left alone. The countess, seeing her husband leave the room, was preparing to follow him; but the chevalier, well knowing the value of an opportunity, which he might probably never meet with

with again, stopped her with a respectful air, and beholding her with eyes, in which the disorder of his soul was but too visible, he entreated her not to fly him, but grant him one moment's audience, and then shewed her the letter he had found on his pillow the night before.

The countess, who in an instant perceived the snare he had laid for her, could not constrain herself so far as to conceal her just indignation from the chevalier.

“What advantage do you expect from your artifice, Sir? (said she.) What have you dared to hope for from this temerity? Can you imagine that I will suffer you to remain at Beauplan after the offence you have been guilty of?”

The chevalier threw himself at the feet of the countess, begged pardon for having dared to conceive a passion for her, which it was impossible for him ever to be able to conquer, and assured her,

her, in order to avoid giving her the least future uneasiness, he would retire to some solitary place, where he might linger out the remainder of his wretched life.

He expressed himself in such insinuating language, as made some impression on the breast of the countess. "Were I single, (replied my mistress) I should consider the passion you express for me as an honour: married as I am, it is injurious to my virtue and my fame, both which ought to be dear to you. If you have really any tenderness for me, you ought to be satisfied with the esteem, with which your merit has inspired me, since it is all my virtue will allow of. Pursue then, Sir, the resolution you have taken to leave Beauplan, which will appear to you the more necessary, when I assure you, that young Lamour was with me in the forest, and heard your imprudent complaint."

The

The countess had but just ended these words, when the count entered the chamber with his brother. Each in their turns expressed their anxiety at parting with the chevalier; and he, on his side, after shewing the utmost gratitude, took leave of them in the most tender and respectful manner, and set out on his journey for Paris.

C H A P. II.

The Chevalier de Feu, on his journey to Paris, saves the life of a gentleman in the forest of Fontainebleau.

THE chevalier felt some alleviation of his sorrows by the confession he had made to the countess. She had indeed given him no hopes; but she had listened to him without anger. His mind being thus employed upon the object of his passion, his horse went at a great rate without his perceiving it, and, fortunately as it proved for him, he arrived before night at the entrance of the forest of Fontainebleau.

Scarce had he rode a few paces in it, when, by the report of some pistols, and the cries that reached his ears, he judged that some persons were attacked by robbers, and that they were at
no

no great distance. All the attendants he had with him were a valet de chambre and two footmen; but, had he been alone, he had too much courage to have gone back. He then rode on with an intrepidity natural to him, and directed his course to the place from whence the noise proceeded. He saw a single man environed by ten robbers, who were upon the point of murdering him. These wretches had already killed two of his attendants, and dispersed three others, who sought their safety in flight. The man that was left defended himself desperately, and knowing that he could not escape death, he resolved to sell his life as dear as possible. He had already got rid of two of the robbers with his pistols, and, supporting himself against the trunk of a large tree, he parried with his sword, as well as he could, the strokes these villains aimed at him.

The

The Chevalier de Feu, transported with rage at this sight, fired his pistols at the robbers, and did some execution: he afterwards rushed in among them, and pierced with his sword all who opposed his passage. His pistols laid two of these assassins upon the earth; his horse threw down another, who fell at his feet, and his sword delivered him from a fourth. The rest of these wretches, seeing the ground covered with their dead and wounded comrades, were seized with terror, and, disappearing in an instant, took shelter in the deepest recesses of the forest, leaving the field of battle to the intrepid Chevalier de Feu.

After this bloody combat, he approached the gentleman whom he had relieved, and was charmed to see in a person, whose white hairs shewed that he was full of years, all the fire and activity of youth. He was struck with
a re-

a reverential awe at the majesty which appeared in his countenance, and saluting him in the most respectful manner, enquired if he was wounded, and offered him his best services. The gentleman, after expressing the utmost gratitude, and acknowledging himself indebted to him for his life, told the chevalier, that he believed his wounds were inconsiderable. They then turned their attention to the two men, who had bravely fallen in the defence of their master, to see if any assistance could be of service.

With great difficulty they restored them to their senses, and then hallooing to the rest of the old gentleman's servants who had fled, their voices, favoured by the silence of the night, resounded through the forest, and reached the ears of those terrified men, who, hearing themselves called by their names, began to lose part of their fears,

fears, and they returned to their master, whom they could not behold without shame. After having bound up his wounds, they applied themselves to relieve their comrades, who were in much greater danger: seating them upon horses, they mounted behind and supported them, and in this manner pursued the road to Fontainebleau.

In the course of this journey, the Chevalier de Feu addressed himself to the old gentleman, and, apologizing for his curiosity, entreated him to let him know who it was he had had the good fortune to assist. It is impossible to express the satisfaction and surprise of the chevalier, when he found that the person, whose life he had saved, was the Marquis de Bonne, the father of his mistress. The marquis, in his turn, begged to know the name of his deliverer; but the chevalier excused himself in such a manner from gratifying

fyng his curiosity, that the marquis could not insist on it. The chevalier chose to conceal his name, that the fame of this action might appear the greater in the eyes of his mistress, when she should learn it from accident.

This precaution of the chevalier was of no use to him; for his valet de chambre, who knew not that his master had any reasons for concealing his name, had discovered it before to one of the marquis's attendants: but, when he found by his master's discourse, that he had a design to keep himself unknown, he was concerned at what he had done, and entreated the servant, to whom he had been so communicative, not to repeat what he had said. In the mean time the marquis and the chevalier continued their journey to Fontainebleau, during which the former had often, but in vain, urged his preserver to disclose his name and condition.

On

On their arrival at Fontainebleau, the chevalier took leave of the marquis, and then went to the house of an intimate friend there, whom he found engaged to fight a duel the next morning. By the laws of galantry, the most intimate friend must be the second. Though the chevalier was too brave to fear any thing, yet he was excessively vexed, when he found that his friend's antagonist was the young Marquis de Bonne, the son of the gentleman whose life he had saved in the forest, and the brother of the amiable Countess Lamour.

The hour approached, and the combatants met at the place appointed. Here the chevalier wounded and disarmed his antagonist, the marquis's second, but was too generous to take away his life. Having gained this point, he instantly turned to his friend and the marquis, and found them very obstinately engaged, each of them having

received several wounds. The chevalier threw himself in between them, and convincing them of their equality in skill and courage, persuaded them from the further thirst of each others blood. After a short pause, they threw down their swords, and tenderly embraced. Then returning to their wounded friend, they procured him immediate assistance, and, mounting their horses, after swearing inviolable friendship to each other, the chevalier and his friend took the road to Paris, and the young marquis de Bonne that which led to the castle of his brother-in-law, the Count Lamour.

The old Marquis de Bonne, who had risen very early that morning to visit his wounded servants, was informed by one of his footmen of the duel fought by his son, which already made a great noise at Fontainebleau. He soon learned the particulars of the engagement, and, not doubting but his son was gone to Beauplan,

plan, he set out immediately after him. His eagerness to see him, and to be assured that he was not dangerously hurt, made him use such speed, that the young lord was still in the embraces of the count and countess Lamour when his father arrived.

The meeting was tender and sincere on all sides, and the first compliments having passed, they each took their seat at the table. The old marquis then desired his son to relate the particulars of the accident that had happened to him. This he obeyed, by repeating every circumstance very succinctly, and extolling the generosity of his antagonist's second, who, he said, had saved his life, in the very moment that his sword was broken in his hand; and he owned, that he could not have avoided death, if that brave man had not eagerly thrown himself between him and his adversary.

The young marquis was going to tell the name of his deliverer, when he stopped through respect, perceiving his father was going to speak. The old gentleman then admonished his son not wantonly to shorten life, which naturally meets with too many unavoidable accidents. He then related what had happened to him the day before in the forest of Fontainebleau, concluding, "I had not the pleasing satisfaction of knowing to whom I was obliged for my life. He answered my enquiries with excuses so polite, and with such a graceful sweetness, that I dared not take the liberty of pressing him to make himself known to me."

At these words, one of the old marquis's servants, who waited behind his chair, stepping a little forward, said, "Sir, the gentleman, who came to your assistance in the wood, is called the Chevalier de Feu. His valet de chambre

chambre told it me yesterday, as we passed on our journey after the combat : and he added, that he had left this castle the same day ; but hearing his master make you excuses for not telling his name, he earnestly entreated me not to tell you of what he had informed me. I likewise believe, that he is the same person, who fought with the gentleman that was so much wounded this morning."

The young Marquis de Bonne was the only one who could clear up a mystery, which perplexed every one else. He accordingly declared, that the valiant man, to whom both his father and himself owed the preservation of their lives, was the Chevalier de Feu. A general astonishment seized the company : all were eager to give the chevalier's valour and modesty the praises so justly due to them. The satisfaction and joy, which the Countess Lamour

felt at this news was silent, but not less sincere. She was afraid of indulging herself in expressing it, lest she should give cause of suspicion to her brother-in-law. This young man kept a profound silence, and seemed unwilling to give the chevalier's virtues that tribute of just praise, which every other person allowed him. The company observed his uneasiness, and attributed it to a mean and malicious envy. It is the nature of that odious passion, when it cannot blacken a superior and acknowledged merit, to give pain and grief to its possessor at the applauses with which real worth is honoured. The countess, in her heart, set a just value upon the services her family had received from the Chevalier de Feu. She praised him cautiously, but inwardly acknowledged, that a lover, so brave and generous, deserved her most tender esteem.

The

The old marquis and his son, after staying fifteen days at Beauplan, returned to Fontainebleau. He found his two servants dead of their wounds, which caused him much grief. The Chevalier de Feu and his friend, not being dangerously wounded, soon recovered their health, as did the young Marquis de Bonne and his second : but love, which raged with a cruel violence in the heart of the wretched Chevalier de Feu, poisoned all his joys, and made even glory itself tasteless and insipid to him.

C H A P. III.

*The Chevalier de Feu obtains an audience
of the countess in her bedchamber.*

A BSENCE, that remedy so often successful in love, rather encreased than diminished the chevalier's passion. He was unable to taste any pleasure while he remained banished from Beauplan, the idea of the Countess Lamour pursuing him every where. During the time he had resided with the count, he became acquainted with a woman, who lived in a village near the castle. As he thought he might one time or other have occasion for her assistance in the course of his love intrigues, he had taken care to secure her in his interest, as well as Marianne, the countess's waiting maid, which last had promised to deliver any letter he should send to her mistress.

The

The chevalier wrote to the countess with a trembling hand, and a heart agitated by a thousand fears. He gave the letter to his servant, with full instructions how to act, ordering him, above all things, not to go to Beauplan till it was night, and to set out from thence again at the first dawn of day. This faithful domestic executed his master's orders with the utmost exactness. He delivered the letter to the woman: it was inclosed in a letter to Marianne; and, by the means of these two persons, it was delivered to the countess, who at first refused to accept of it, severely chiding her maid for her rashness.

The powerful and cunning persuasions of her maid, at last prevailed on her to open it, which she did with extreme agitation, and read as follows:

“How shall a lover, madam, whom
“you have condemned to silence, whom
“you have banished from your sight,

“ make known the violence of his passion ? Yet to be allowed to make you sensible that he loves you, is the only consolation he requires. Is it too much presumption to wish to be pitied by you, when pity is all he dares hope for or request ? But how can you pity, unless you are witness of the torments I endure ? And how can you be a witness of them while I remain banished from your sight ? Consider, madam, I beseech you, that this exile which I suffer is your own work. At length relent, and permit me to approach you ; again afford me the blessing of beholding you — it is all I ask for ; and it is the only means of preserving a life, which I would lose with pleasure to do you service. Your answer will determine my fate.”

After long hesitating with herself, whether a virtuous woman ought to indulge

indulge herself in a correspondence, however innocent, with a man who is her professed lover, she concluded, that she might write to him, and even see him, without wounding the duty she owed her husband ; and taking up the pen she wrote to him in these words :

“ I answer your letter, Sir, contrary
“ to the rules my duty imposes upon
“ me, to put you in mind of yours,
“ which is to cease a pursuit, which
“ must infallibly be fruitless, and may
“ be fatal. Hope for nothing from
“ me but esteem and gratitude ; the one
“ I cannot refuse your merit, and I owe
“ the other to the services you have
“ lately rendered me in the persons of
“ my father and my brother. I am
“ willing to believe that you love me
“ with honour, and this thought alone
“ prevails with me to grant you permis-
“ sion to see me. I shall be alone on
“ Friday in the afternoon : if this letter

36 *The-Birmingham Counterfeit.*

“ reaches you soon enough, you may
“ come to Beauplan, and at ten o’clock
“ at night you will find the garden door
“ open, and Marianne attending to con-
“ duct you to me. But again I warn
“ you not to expect, that you can ever
“ inspire me with any other sentiments,
“ than what a rigid virtue will permit
“ a reasonable woman to entertain.”

The countess, who was too innocent and unexperienced to reflect on the consequence of such a suspicious interview, was very well satisfied with the terms in which she had conceived her letter : but this false step, however guiltless she was in intention, was soon followed by the most dreadful alarms ; it exposed her to the greatest dangers she had ever been in during her whole life, and was the source of all those misfortunes she afterwards experienced.

The same persons, who had conveyed the letter to the countess, carried back
her

her answer to the chevalier. Tho' there was nothing in her letter that could flatter the chevalier with a hope of being more happy than compassion, restrained by duty, could make him, yet it filled him with inconceivable transport, and he mounted on horseback that instant, in order to be at Beauplan by the appointed time. The Count Lamour and his brother were to have gone that day to Fontainebleau, which had made the countess pitch on that night for giving the chevalier a meeting; but unluckily, by some means or other, the journey was put off, and the countess was in the utmost consternation at the appointment she had made. Her disorder was visible at supper, and her appetite failed her. The count was uneasy, supposing she was indisposed. She eagerly caught at that expedient, and made it her excuse for retiring immediately after supper to her chamber. The count, having

having very obligingly conducted her to her apartments, withdrew to his own.

The night was dark and cloudy, and favoured the desires of the Chevalier de Feu, who was very sollicitous to prevent being seen near the castle of Beauplan, lest it should reflect any dishonour on the character of his mistress. The whole family was already enjoying the sweets of a profound repose, when Marianne, going softly out of her lady's apartments, went to the gate. She there found the passionate chevalier, who, lover like, had through impatience come an hour sooner than he was directed, and had waited for her with great anxiety. Marianne did not fail to exaggerate the danger, to which she exposed herself to do him service, and protested her zeal for his interest so strongly, that the chevalier, who thought the moments too precious to waste in thanks, made her a very valuable present. She then desired him

to

to follow her with the utmost precaution, and brought him, without being discovered, into the apartments of the countess.

C H A P. IV.

Counterfeit relates the conversation that passed between the countess and chevalier in her chamber, and the accident attending it.

THE chevalier, on entering the countess's bedchamber, seeing her look so charming and lovely in the elegant undress she was in, was lost in admiration and desire, and had almost forgot the conditions upon which he was permitted to see her : but the lovely countess, who was capable of inspiring at once respect and love, repressed his first transport by a modest regard, full of mingled sweetness and severity : then desiring the chevalier to be seated, she thus spoke to him : “ If you knew, Sir, the danger to which I expose my reputation, and perhaps my life, by
seeing,

seeing you here, these slight charms would take up less of your attention. My lord is not at Fontainebleau with my father, as I expected he would have been this night : he is retired to his own chamber in complaisance to me. His unexpected return to Beauplan perplexed me greatly ; and, in order to keep my word with you, I have been obliged to feign myself indisposed. Do not, then, Sir, abuse a favour, which I could not refuse to your earnest entreaties, and to the interest I take in the preservation of your life, which you have so lately hazarded in the service of my family. In your favour, I have in some degrees transgressed the laws of decorum. The consideration I have had for you ought to secure your gratitude, and to prevent your forming any hopes from a condescension I cannot help condemning in myself. Know, this is the last time you must ever expect to see me alone."

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The countess had scarcely uttered these words, when somebody knocked hastily at the door of the antichamber. The chevalier, not doubting but it was the count at the door, and that the countess had betrayed him, "Madam, (said he to her) you had many other ways of freeing yourself from a passion, which you doubtless thought too importunate, without sacrificing me to your husband's revenge. But be assured, madam, I will not lose my life without putting that of your lord's into danger, into whose hands you have delivered me."

"Ah, how you injure me by these suspicions ! (replied the countess, half dead with fear) It is not now a time to endeavour by oaths to assure you of my sincerity ; but the testimony you will soon have of it will make you know the injustice you do me ; but retire, I conjure you, behind the tapestry : you will be absolutely

absolutely safe from a discovery there ; and, if you are not convinced of my innocence, sacrifice my life to your revenge." She spoke these words with a low voice, and then called Marianne, who had heard the knocking at the door, but, like one that understood her business well, made no offers to stir till she had directions from her lady. The chevalier, a little reassured by his mistress's words, placed himself behind the tapestry, holding it close with his left hand ; but through a little opening, which he left that he might see who came into the room, he held a pocket pistol, which he resolved, in case of necessity, to use in his own defence.

Marianne, as if hardly awake, came into her lady's room with a loose gown on, and went to open the door of the antichamber to her lord, for it was he that demanded entrance. The count, as he approached his wife, passed so
near

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near the place where the chevalier was concealed, that he touched the end of the pistol, but he went on without observing any thing, and seeing that his wife was not yet in bed, he sat down upon the sofa, which the chevalier had but just quitted, and with a look of tender anxiety, which relieved the countess from some part of her fears, enquired how she did.

Madam Lamour answered in a low voice, that she had been worse since supper, that she was feverish and just going to bed, to try if she could get a little rest, which she hoped would relieve her. The count, taking her hand, felt her pulse, which, from the agitation of her terrors, beating unequally, "You are indeed disordered, (said the tender count) but I hope your illness will not be dangerous. I could not be easy till I saw you: I have been but a few moments in bed, yet was terrified by
a horrid

a horrid dream, from which I awaked in agonies: I dreamt a monstrous dragon was going to devour you. Your indisposition, which I had imagined was but slight, rose to my thoughts: I began to be apprehensive that this was the dragon, and that you were grown much worse since I saw you. I came eagerly to know the state of your health, and thank heaven I find it better than I expected. But why are you not in bed? Let me have the satisfaction of seeing you enjoy a quiet sleep, before I return to my own apartment."

No denial was to be given to this request, though the countess wished it. Under pretence that the taper, which the count had brought in with him, glared too full in her eyes, she ordered her maid to draw the curtain on that side where the chevalier stood concealed. The maid, eager to obey her orders, disengaged herself too hastily from a
little

little dog the count had brought with him into the chamber. The animal, being free, ran to the place where the trembling lover was concealed, and instantly discovering that a stranger was in the room, he began to bark so loud, that the count was rising from his seat to endeavour to pacify him; but the countess, in great agitation, held back her husband, while the maid caught the puppy, which she carried into her own chamber, and there severely chastised him for his unseasonable fidelity to his master.

The countess, in order to free herself from the company of her husband, was obliged to feign sleep, which the count imagining to be real, he with pleasure softly stole out of the apartment, and the lover from his concealment. Who can describe the confusion of the countess on the chevalier's seeing her in that situation! It is no wonder, that love and

and desire should get the upper hand of reason and honour. The countess, darting a disdainful look at him, and pushing him away with all her force, upbraided him with the baseness of his attempt; but the chevalier's passion being too violent to be pacified with mere words, the countess was obliged to exert her courage and resolution. She called her maid with loud cries, the terror she was in not giving her time to reflect, that her husband might be alarmed. Her woman appearing, the chevalier retired from her bed-side. The countess, no longer observing any terms with him, with a look and voice that made him tremble, ordered him to leave her chamber, and fiercely threatened to send for her lord, and shew him the real dragon, which he had seen only in his dream, if he did not leave her that moment.

Full of shame and confusion, he dared not to disobey. “Adieu, madam, (said he to her) my unfeigned repentance, and the miserable life I am going to drag out at a distance from you, will, I hope, one day procure me pardon for an attempt as fruitless as it was involuntary.” The countess did not deign to say a single word to him in answer, and the chevalier, not daring to importune her any further, made her a low bow, and followed her maid, who conducted him to the door of the antichamber without any light, for fear of being perceived.

The chevalier was in such agitation of mind, that he hardly knew what he was doing; and as he descended the stairs, his foot slipping, he tumbled down, and the pistol, which he held in his hand for fear of some accident, went off, and alarmed the whole house. The count, his brother, and several of the
men

men servants, got up immediately, and made the castle resound with the cry of thieves and assassins. The countess, at the report of the pistol, was almost distracted with her apprehensions: she heard her lord's voice, but knew not, whether the chevalier had fired at him, or he at the chevalier. Marianne, who had quitted the chevalier at the door of the antichamber, and who knew not any more than her lady the true cause of what had happened, trembled at the punishment she expected, and piteously bemoaned herself. The whole castle was full of tumult and disorder.

In the mean time, the chevalier, who found himself at the bottom of the staircase by his fall, missing his hat and pistol, resolved not to leave them behind him, though by staying to look for them he ran the danger of being seized; but he was sensible, if those things were found, it would be known

that it was he who had been there, and that would be equal to a discovery of his person on the spot. The moon gave just light enough through the windows to direct his search: he was so fortunate as to find both his hat and pistol, and to reach the garden gate without being discovered. Some of the count's servants ran thither a few moments after, and, finding the gate open, they supposed the thieves had escaped that way. They had a glimpse of the chevalier as he ran; but it was not light enough for them to distinguish his person: however, supposing him to be one of the rogues, they pursued him; but the chevalier made such speed, that he joined his servant, who was waiting for him, before the count's men could get up with him; and, mounting his horse, which his man held ready, he galloped across the country, without keeping any direct road, and at last got to a village, where

where he concealed himself for a few hours, and then returned to Paris.

The Count Lamour and his brother, who had been among the first that were alarmed at the report of the pistol, having risen in haste, they armed themselves with their swords and pistols, and, followed by some of the servants, who carried flambeaux in their hands, they went to the apartment of the countess, whose terror, at seeing her lord and his brother enter with such a formidable equipage, was so great that she fainted away. It was her fear that the chevalier had been discovered, which reduced her to that condition; but her lord's excessive concern for her, and the many tender things he said, convinced her that the chevalier had had the good fortune not to be known. This thought restored her spirits, and the count entirely dissipated all her suspicions by telling her, that the tumult and noise

there had been in the house were occasioned by some rogues, who had attempted to rob it. The count then ordered his lady's woman to be called, to stay in the chamber; and, leaving two of the footmen to guard the door of her apartment, he went with his brother and the others to search the castle.

While they were thus employed in their search, the servants, who had pursued the chevalier till he was out of sight, came to the count, and related to him what they had done; and as, in their terrified imagination, the chevalier and his servant appeared to be five or six men, so they did not fail to double the number, and confidently affirmed, that there were no less than a dozen rogues, whom their presence, unarmed as they were, put to flight. Another, who had a mind to have it said, that he also had a share in this
terrible

terrible adventure, declared, with great firmness of countenance, that it was at him the rogues, who had got entrance into the house, fired the pistol, and that he heard the whizzing of the ball as it happily past by his ear without hurting him.

The count, fully persuaded that the castle had been beset by robbers, went up to his wife's apartment, and acquainted her with every particular that had passed. He begged her to think no more of what had happened, as all was then quiet. "Try to calm your mind, my dear, (said he to her) and get a little repose. I am extremely apprehensive, that the alarms you have suffered this night will disorder you greatly." The countess, full of inward remorse, which her lord's excessive tenderness redoubled, could scarce refrain from tears, and begged him to retire to his own apartments. The count felt sen-

sibly for her disorder, but attributed it to a wrong cause. He desired her woman to watch by her lady; and then taking leave of her with a tender embrace, and an ardent ejaculation for her health, he returned to his own apartment.

The countess, as soon as her lord was withdrawn, commanded her woman to quit her chamber. She was no sooner left alone, than a flood of tears bursted from her eyes, which was succeeded by the following exclamation: "Unhappy wretch, what hast thou done? and what would have been thy fate, if heaven, respecting the innocence of thy intentions, had not had compassion on thee? Justly detested by a husband, who now adores thee, thy least punishment, if he had spared thy life, would have been to be confounded with women of infamous reputation, on whose forehead is engraved, in characters never to be effaced,
the

the shameful story of their crimes. —
And, O fatal aggravation of my folly,
such a husband! Blush, blush, un-
grateful wretch, at the remembrance of
his tenderness! What return hast
thou made for his unexampled affection?
Thou hast not scrupled to endanger the
quiet of his whole life, by submitting to
a private interview with a man, whose
wild passion thou wast but too well
acquainted with: thou hast introduced
him into his house, at the dead of night,
the premeditated assassin of his honour.
Thou mayest judge, unhappy woman,
by the grief with which thou sawest him
overwhelmed for thy feigned sickness,
what would have been his agonies, if
thy fatal secret had been discovered!
O, may you be ever ignorant of it, my
dear and injured lord, and may my re-
pentance and my tears blot out of my
heart the image of that most insolent and
most base of all men!”

In this kind of language did the unhappy countess waste the remaining part of the night : quiet was banished from her mind, and sleep from her eyes : the morning found her bathed in tears, and seized with the first symptoms of a fever, which in a few days encreased to such a degree, that her life was despaired of. Her lord, almost distracted at the danger she was in, never quitted her a moment during the eight days, that her physicians thought her recovery doubtful. Her youth, at length, and a good constitution, overcame the violence of her disorder, and her health at last returned, though by very slow degrees.

C H A P. V.

*The countess experiences the imprudence of
her former conduct.*

I Shall pass over unnoticed a number of particulars relating to these unhappy lovers; nor follow the unfortunate chevalier to Africa, where he went in person, to ransom his generous friend, the Count Lamour, who had fallen into the hands of the Moors, by means of a violent storm, which happened on the French coast, while he and many gentlemen of the first families in that kingdom were sailing in a small vessel, on a party of pleasure, from one port to another.

The misfortunes of the Countess Lamour first began by the irregular conduct of her maid, who, far from imitating the virtuous example of her lady,

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conceived a violent passion for a young gentleman, named Varague, who was intimately acquainted with Monf. Lammour, the count's brother. The advances this indiscreet girl made to Varague soon attracted his notice: he pursued his conquest, a regular intrigue commenced between them, and the countess often surprised them together at very undue hours. The countess expostulated with her upon this occasion, but all to no purpose; for, in a little time, she threw aside all caution, and admitted him into her chamber at all hours, without the least reserve.

To such a height of excess was this intrigue carried, that Marianne and her gallant slept almost every night in the same bed. The countess was now, more than ever, convinced of her folly in having trusted a servant with the secret of her interview with the chevalier in her own chamber, as her maid would otherwise

otherwise have never dared to have taken these liberties. Determined, however, not to suffer such practices immediately close to her own apartments, she discharged her maid; but, on her solemnly promising not to be guilty of the like again, she was permitted to continue her service. Marianne, thus deprived of pleasure, determined, the first opportunity, to take a severe revenge of the countess, and it was not long before she had that revenge amply gratified.

A few months after, the count and countess being one day gone to a wedding, Marianne took this opportunity to invite her lover. The Chevalier de Feu, having found means to obtain pardon of the countess for his former unwarrantable behaviour, was now again admitted to her company: and, though his passion for her was as great as ever, yet he carefully confined it within the bounds

of reason and prudence. The chevalier at this time lodged at the count's house, but could not attend them to the wedding, as he thought it would be imprudent to appear in public, as he was in disgrace at court for having been engaged in a duel.

The count and his lady returning much sooner than Marianne expected, she was obliged to conceal her lover in a closet, with an intent of letting him out when the family should be asleep. The door of this woman's room opened into the countess's antichamber, through which Varague must necessarily pass to get to the back stairs. When Marianne thought he might safely venture, she conducted him with as little noise as possible to the door. However, the count, who was not asleep, heard his steps. A fatal curiosity to know who it was passing so late through his lady's apartments, made him rise, and throwing
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ing his night-gown over him, he went into the antichamber. Varague had stopped there a moment, to listen whether any of the domestics were still up. Hearing the count's chamber-door open, he attempted to gain the stair-case, but with so much precipitation and fear, that he made a false step upon the first stair, which gave the count Lamour an opportunity to lay hold on him. Varague, made desperate by his fears for his own life, and the dishonour of his mistress, took a poinard he wore in his bosom when he went on such adventures, and endeavoured to disengage himself from the count by wounding him in the arm; but the count, by a sudden motion, received the stroke full in his side. Varague, now disengaged from his hold, ran down stairs, and climbing over a wall, made his escape undiscovered.

The unhappy count falling to the ground, called for help. He was presently
surrounded.

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surrounded by all his servants, as well as his wife, her brother, and the chevalier. A surgeon was immediately sent for, and he in the mean while was carried into his own chamber, where, in a few minutes, after addressing himself to his wife in the most tender and affectionate manner, and begging of her to transfer her affections from him to his worthy friend the chevalier, his eyes for ever shut out the light, and faintly groaning he expired, but not till he had given sufficient reasons to suspect, that Marianne had too deep a concern in his murder.

The countess was immediately seized with convulsions, which held her so long that her life was despaired of, and when she recovered, she recovered only to a greater sense of her woes. A strict search was ordered to be made, but the murderer could not be discovered : all the doors of the house were found fastened,

stened, nor was it possible, from any circumstance that appeared, to form any certain judgment. Thus much, however, was certain, that the murder had been committed by one who had been all night concealed in the house.

The next day the servants were all examined before a magistrate, when they answered to the interrogatories with such clearness and sincerity as could not fail of acquitting them. Marianne was then examined: this was the moment, in which she was at once to acquit herself of having any concern in the murder, and in which she was to take a severe revenge of the countess.

She disavowed having any concern in the murder: and, to remove any suspicions that might be entertained against herself or her lover, she declared to the lieutenant-criminal, with an amazing confidence, that it was from the Countess Lamour herself that he ought to seek

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an explanation of that dark affair : she asserted, that her lady's passion for the Chevalier de Feu, who had lain for some time concealed in her house, was doubtless the true cause of the count's assassination : to support this charge, she related all that had passed in the castle of Beaulplan, the secret interview between the chevalier and madam Lamour by night, and her free remonstrances to her lady upon so shameful a conduct, which were so ill received, that she had threatened to dismiss her from her service.

The lieutenant-criminal, tho' there was some reason to doubt her story, nevertheless thought it necessary to issue out an order for taking the countess into custody. The count, her brother, flew instantly to acquaint her of the order issued for apprehending her, and exhorted her, with tears, to seek some asylum, where she might be secured against so cruel an affront. The countess trembled with horror.

horror at the news of her being suspected to be an accomplice in so dreadful a crime. The Chevalier de Feu entered the apartments of the countess just as her brother had finished, when she related to him what her brother had told her. The chevalier at first raved about the room like a madman, and casting up his eyes to heaven, seemed to upbraid it for permitting such virtue to suffer; but, recollecting himself at length, he begged her to command him freely, whose life was wholly devoted to her service. The countess replied, that her innocence was her security, and that she would stand her trial.

All the arguments that could be urged to dissuade her from such a resolution were to no purpose, and she was in less than two hours afterwards arrested and conveyed to the Chatelet. It was with the utmost difficulty she could persuade the chevalier to quit her, who must infallibly

fallibly have suffered death, (for having killed in a duel a person who had hired assassins to take away his life) had the officers of justice found him. The countess urged, that he ought to preserve his life, that it might be in his power to assist her should matters come to extremities. At last he consented, and concealed himself in a friend's house.

When the countess entered the fatal place, which was henceforward to be her habitation, the melancholy gloom, the wretched furniture, the grated windows, the frightful solitude, filled her mind with horrors till then unfelt : all that fortitude, that pride of suffering virtue, that secret calm of conscious innocence, upon which she had depended, were too little to support her under such dreadful circumstances. Filled with horror and despair, she threw her streaming eyes round the miserable room, surveying it with distracted eagerness ;
then,

then, sinking upon a chair, and giving a loose to the anguish that oppressed her, she exclaimed against heaven and herself.

After a week's imprisonment, the lieutenant-criminal entered suddenly into her chamber, and interrogated her. Neither the Countess Lamour nor Marianne had made any mention of Varague in their examinations: that assassin was carefully concealed in the house of a near relation in Paris.

It is one of the greatest triumphs of vice to behold virtue in distress: Marianne exulted in her own mind over her suffering lady, and hardened herself in her crime, by reflecting on the advantages she had now over that scrupulous virtue, which, rather than wink at her failings, had exposed herself, though innocent, to all the consequences of detected guilt.

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The lieutenant-criminal was extremely concerned to find, that the Chevalier de Feu had escaped his vigilance : the strictest search imaginable was made for him, but to no purpose ; he was perfectly safe in the asylum he had chosen, but devoured with melancholy, and a prey to the most bitter reflections : the murder of his friend, the sufferings of his beloved countess, were never out of his thoughts, and almost overturned his reason : but the consternation of all the countess's friends is not to be expressed, when they were informed, that the magistrates had issued an order for Madam Lamour's being put to the tortures, to force her to reveal what she knew of the assassination of her lord. The grief they had hitherto suffered, on account of her imprisonment, was so slight to that they now felt, that they thought they had never been miserable before.

Black

Black as this affair appeared from the depositions of Marianne, and which in part the countess herself confessed, there were hardly any who harboured a thought of either of them being capable of so horrid a crime as murder; and, as to the circumstances of the bed-chamber interview, the chevalier had acquitted himself to the entire satisfaction of her relations.

Despair seldom reigns long in the breast of the innocent. The chevalier, waking as it were from a state of stupidity, started up, and assured her relations, that he had a scheme in his head to release the countess, which he would undertake at the hazard of his life. He found means to convey a letter to the countess, in which he acquainted her with the sentence that had been passed on her, and of which she had not till then been informed. He entreated her, as she valued the lives
of

of her parents and relations, not to counteract his endeavours for her escape.

People reason very differently when danger is near and unavoidable, from what they do when it is yet doubtful, and only threatens at a distance. The love of life, so natural to a young and beautiful woman, whose heart was filled with the softest of all passions, repelled every other thought than what tended to her preservation. She now no longer deferred to take her resolution, which was to live, whatever construction the world might put upon her conduct. The chevalier, by bribing the turnkey's man, and the woman who was the only attendant of the countess, brought them over to his interest; and this he the more easily accomplished, as both of them were convinced of the innocence of the countess. After a few interviews, the
turnkey

turnkey agreed to deliver up his prisoner on a certain night. The moment approached, and the turnkey, suddenly opening the door of her chamber, desired her to follow him. This unexpected event had such an effect on the countess, that she fell fainting into the arms of the woman who attended her. She continued a long time deprived of speech and sense, and in all appearance dead. The turnkey, dreading the fatal consequences of this accident, knew not what to do. However, after throwing some water on her face, she gave signs of returning life. The turnkey repeatedly cried to her, that her friends were waiting for her. That welcome sound at length recalled her scattered spirits: she opened her eyes, and, the turnkey urging her to depart immediately, lest she should be prevented, fear gave her strength in an instant. The woman lent her a sup-

porting arm, while the turnkey walked softly before with a light. When she had got without the gate, she thought herself secure; and now, light as the wind, her willing feet carried her along. She hardly touched the ground, and flew rather than walked to the place, where the chevalier and his friends were waiting for her with the greatest anxiety.

The chevalier received her with a thousand transports of joy: his friends congratulated her on her recovered liberty, in terms that shewed the highest satisfaction. They put her and the woman, who had attended her in the prison, and who never after quitted her, into a coach they had brought with them; then, giving the turnkey the promised reward, they left him to provide for his own safety, and went after the coach, together with the rest of the gentlemen, who had followed them

them in this dangerous enterprise. The coach carried the countess safe to the house of the chevalier's friend, where her mother, and the rest of her relations, were expecting her and her generous deliverer with agitations that are more easily imagined than described.

C H A P. VI.

Counterfeit relates new calamities, more the consequences of misunderstandings than real misfortunes.

WHEN the first transports of this happy meeting were a little abated, and their joy found vent in words, a thousand rapturous welcomes were given to the countess, and a thousand blessings pronounced on the chevalier, who had so generously exposed his own life to save that of a lady.

After long debate to what place she should retire for safety, Flanders was unanimously allowed to be the fittest for her, as she had a kinswoman there, with whom she could stay with honour. Accordingly she set out the next morning, with an escort able to defend her against any attempts that might be
2 made

made upon her liberty. The chevalier, with eager joy, seized this new opportunity of shewing his zeal and ardour in the service of his beloved countess: no entreaties could dissuade him from attending her in this journey, and he resolved not to quit her any more, till her innocence was made manifest in the eyes of all France.

The chevalier and countess had not long been at Brussels, before an express came from the French king, to his ambassador there, to seize them both, and bring them under strong guard to Paris. In consequence of this, they were obliged to quit Brussels, and retire to Friesland, where they hoped for some time to remain in tranquillity.

No one could behold the countess without feeling pity for her sorrows whatever they were; and pity for so lovely an object soon ripened into a more tender passion: hence it was that a nobleman

of Friesland found himself captivated with the melancholy fair one, before he was aware ; but, presuming upon his rank and fortune, he was at no pains to disguise his passion. Upon this the chevalier grew uneasy, and the countess soon discovered it. She then proposed quitting Friesland, alledging that the air of that province did not agree with her constitution. The chevalier, who did not penetrate into the countess's secret reasons, rejoiced at a proposal so agreeable to his wishes.

The countess then wrote to her father, begging his opinion to what place she should retire ; and an answer soon arrived, recommending Burgundy to her as the most proper place, being in the midst of their friends. The chevalier was distracted at this news, as he was sensible he must not remain there with the countess : he grew melancholy and pensive to the last degree, which the
countess

countess perceiving, and well knowing the cause of it, in return for his honour and generosity, promised, as soon as her innocence should be cleared, to make him master of her heart and her person. This produced a wonderful change in the chevalier, and the two lovers swore mutual and everlasting friendship to each other.

The preparations for their journey being made with the utmost privacy and expedition, the countess and chevalier set out very early in the morning, in a coach escorted by their servants well mounted and armed. They continued their rout two days without interruption; but, on the third, the chevalier's gentleman came up to the coach, and told him they were pursued by six horsemen. The chevalier instantly leaped out of the coach, and mounted his horse, leaving madam Lamour almost fainting with fear. Scarce had the che-

valier mounted, when the pursuers appeared, the foremost of which was the German nobleman who had fallen in love with the countess. With horrid oaths and imprecations he demanded the lady, to which the chevalier made no other answer than by firing his pistol at his rival, and shot him dead. The rest of the Friestanders, seeing their master fall, turned their horses and rode away, leaving the chevalier to pursue his journey unmolested.

Arriving safe at Burgundy, the chevalier, with a heart divided between grief and joy, surrendered the countess into the arms of her indulgent mother, who received her with inexpressible transports. The chevalier, finding he must leave the countess, resolved at once to rush into his misery ; after resting one night at the castle, he took the most tender leave of the Marchioness and Madam Lamour, and pursued his
way

way to Gascony, where he had an uncle, who was very much advanced in years, and to whose vast possessions he was heir.

While the chevalier was pursuing his journey, towards the dusk of the evening, a noise of some horses behind him made him apprehensive that he was discovered and pursued. He turned hastily, and perceived four soldiers conducting a person, whose legs were fastened under his horse's belly. Though the chevalier had but a slight view of this prisoner, yet he imagined he knew his face. He desired to be informed who their prisoner was, and whither they were conducting him: they replied, to the Little Chatelet, where he had been formerly turnkey; but they told the chevalier, in a surly manner, not to trouble himself with them. Gratitude having now raised his compassion, he offered to buy the turnkey of the sol-

diers ; but finding they were not to be prevailed upon, either by money, fair words or threats, he and his attendants fell upon them, and having dispatched three of them, the other ran away, and left the poor trembling prisoner in the hands of his deliverer. The chevalier ordered his valet to take off his irons, and then making himself known, he congratulated him upon his freedom. The turnkey, ravished with joy and gratitude, fell at his feet, and vowed the life he had preserved should henceforward be wholly at his disposal. He immediately entered into the chevalier's service, and never after quitted it till his death.

The chevalier arriving at his uncle's seat, the old gentleman, who had not seen him ten years before, received him with transports that had like to have been fatal to his health. The news of his arrival being spread through the province,

vince, all the neighbouring gentry came in crouds to visit him, and to shew their joy for his return. The tenderness his uncle expressed for him, and the obliging solicitude of his friends to divert and please him, suspended for some time the agonies of a passion, which had hitherto been traversed by so many cruel accidents.

Let me now quit the chevalier for a moment, and return to the countess, who had received some private intelligence with respect to her lover in Gascony. She was informed that he had fallen passionately in love with a young lady of that province, whose person was as lovely as her own, her birth very illustrious, and her fortune immense.

The friends of Madam Lamour had obtained a pardon of the king for the Chevalier de Feu, provided he appeared at court within a limited time to make his defence. The messenger who had been

sent with the express into Gascony, by the breaking down of a bridge was unhappily drowned, and the chevalier was left ignorant of what had passed at court. His friends, hearing no tidings of him, at last concluded, that he had given up every thing to the new connections, in which he was engaged. How shall I describe the state of Madam Lamour's mind upon this occasion! She became a prey to every violent and torturing passion that injured love inspires: rage, grief, jealousy, and shame, tore her soft heart by turns. Unable, though desirous to conceal her strong emotions, she hastened to her own apartment, and, locking the door, threw herself upon her bed in agonies impossible to be described, or even conceived but by a woman injured and forsaken, yet passionately in love. She thought herself the most miserable and undone woman in the world; and, in consequence of this notion, she conceived
the

the most extravagant design that ever entered into the mind of a woman of her virtue, education, and natural timidity.

At night, the countess retired to bed sooner than usual, under pretence of being extremely sleepy; but this was only with a view to have time to meditate on her scheme. As soon as she imagined all the family were asleep, she got out of bed, and, throwing a loose gown about her, went softly into her brother's wardrobe, where she chose, from among several suits of cloaths, one which he had worn but once or twice, and was less remarkable than any of the others. These she put on, and tied up her beautiful hair under a hat adorned with a green feather. Thus metamorphosed, she went softly down stairs, with an intention to go into the stable, and get a horse; but first returned in search of a sword. Having

E 6 found

found one to her mind, she then descended to the stable, chose one of the best horses, and mounted with precipitation; for the morning now dawned, and she was apprehensive that some of the servants would soon be stirring. She sallied out, and took the first road that presented itself. Her design was to travel to Gascony, in search of her faithless lover, to upbraid him with his perfidy, and to revenge her loss upon her happy rival, and then to bury herself in some solitude, where she should never be heard of more.

Mean time, the Chevalier de Feu passed his time very uneasily in Gascony, the charming image of the countess being ever present to his mind. His uncle, having some business of consequence in England, persuaded the chevalier to go on that errand, and he left Gascony much about the time the countess assumed her new character.

The

The countess having concealed herself ten days in Paris, concluded that the search for her would be pretty well over, and that she might now prosecute her journey to Gascony with safety. She had not rode above half a league from Paris, when she saw a man at some distance on horseback. As he approached nearer, she fancied she knew him, and soon perceived him, on his approach, to be the turnkey. Her earnest gazing upon this man attracted his attention, and he soon discovered, beneath that strange disguise, the features of his lovely prisoner. Overjoyed that he had found her, and that he should be able to acquit himself of the commission his master had given him, he rode up to her, and told her he had a message from the Chevalier de Feu. At the sound of that name, the blood forsook the fair cheeks of Madam Lamour, an universal trembling seized her, she

she dropt the reins from her hand, and would doubtless have fallen off her horse, had not this faithful servant of the chevalier, perceiving her emotion, hastily dismounted, and assisted her to do so likewise.

When the countess had a little recovered herself, the servant then informed her of his fortunate meeting with the chevalier, who had delivered him out of the hands of the guards; that ever since he had lived with him in the quality of valet de chambre. He then took a letter out of his pocket, which he presented to her, adding, that his master was gone to England on his uncle's business; but that, as soon as it was finished, he would return again to France immediately.

The countess, having read the letter, which was filled with expressions of the utmost tenderness and love, began immediately to upbraid the chevalier with
perjury

perjury as well as inconstancy. The honest servant defended his master's honour with so much artless language, and yet so prevailing, that the countess at last consented to return to Paris, where the chevalier's servant was to wait her orders. She had obliged him to promise, that he would not discover the place of her concealment; but he had too great respect for the countess to keep his word: he acquainted her parents, who were grown inconsolable for the loss of her, and who had given over all hopes of finding her, with the place of her concealment. They surprised her, and she returned to them.

C H A P. VII.

*Conclusion of the history of the Countess
Lamour.*

IN the mean time, the Chevalier de Feu, who had embarked at Dover for Calais, was driven, by contrary winds, on the coast of Normandy, and was reported at Paris to have been there lost. In consequence of this news, his faithful servant, the late turnkey, set out for that coast immediately, and had the utmost satisfaction in finding his master safe. The news he brought him concerning the countess were as so many daggers to the heart of the chevalier. In the letter, which this faithful domestic delivered him from his mistress, he found nothing but expressions of indifference and irony, which were so much the more cruel, as they
were

were extremely delicate, and appeared to be dictated by a heart entirely at ease, or at least sensible of no other emotion than scorn and indignation.

To heighten his mortification and chagrin, he that evening fell into company, where the countess was the topic of conversation. Here she was represented as to be speedily married to the Count Polan, who had for some time paid his addresses to her, and with whom she had fallen passionately in love. Unable to hearken any longer to words, which were keener than daggers to his heart, he retired to his chamber, and, throwing himself on his bed, endeavoured, but in vain, to obtain repose. He rose early in the morning, and rode to Paris with all possible expedition.

However sensible the king now was of the innocence of the chevalier and countess, with respect to the murder of the

the Count Lamour, it was necessary that the matter should pass through a legal trial: the king, therefore, being informed of the arrival of the chevalier, ordered the day following for the determination of this cause, in which he himself would sit as sole judge. All parties having met according to order, and while Marianne was giving her evidence, an unknown person broke through the crowd, and, falling at the feet of the king, thus addressed him: "Your majesty now sees before you a wretch, unworthy of the light of heaven. Oh, how can I tell you who I am! How can I make the shocking relation of my crimes! My blood congeals with horror at the remembrance of what I have done, impelled by a blind passion, and acting under the influence of false honour. Terror and remorse have seized me ever since the perpetration of my crime. Behold in me the assassin of
the

the Count Lamour: I come to offer myself a voluntary victim to your majesty's vengeance. Plunge your sword into my bosom, and give me a death too honourable for my desert. Alas! I acknowledge I ought to die in torments for the murder I have committed. I resign myself into your hands, to suffer all the rigour of the law: I shall then have this satisfaction in my justly-merited punishment, that I have cleared the innocent. I did not kill the Count Lamour in malice, nor did I mean to kill him. Anxious to preserve the honour of a woman I loved, and who had indeed entrusted it to my keeping, I struggled to free myself from the count, who, holding me fast, called aloud for lights, in order to discover who I was. To avoid this, I aimed a stroke at the arm with which he held me, all I intended being to disable him; but he, alas, received it
in

in his side. I fled confounded with fear and guilt ; but anguish and remorse pursued me : that life, which I had taken such guilty pains to save, became insupportable to me. All I wished was to clear the innocent, and I resolved to do it, by delivering myself up to justice. Hearing that this was the day appointed for trial, I came to offer myself voluntarily, to meet the severe fate destined by the laws I have so greatly offended."

The king, surprised at this confession, demanded of Marianne what she had to say for herself. This unhappy wretch, perceiving the whole was discovered, threw herself on her knees before the king, and with tears confessed all the circumstances Varague had declared, but implored a pardon, at least for her life. The king, perfectly satisfied with the confession of the two criminals, annulled all the proceedings against the
chevalier

chevalier and the countess, and condemned Varague to be banished France for ever, sparing him his life, however, in consideration of the confession he had made, and the sincere repentance of his crime. The infamous Marianne was condemned to be shut up between four walls, for the rest of her life, and only sustenance enough allowed her to keep her from starving, that she might have leisure to make her peace with offended heaven.

No sooner was the trial ended, than the chevalier, eager to present himself to his dear countess, on whom his eyes were almost constantly fixed, disengaged himself at length, and advanced towards her with a tender awe. But the countess, who had, with the severest pangs of jealousy, seen him handed into the court by the young lady she had been told was her rival, gave way to the impetuosity of her rage, and, when he bowed to her with the utmost reverence

as

as a deity, turned disdainfully from him, and, without deigning to give him a look, fell into discourse with the young nobleman he, in his turn, had been taught to consider as his rival.

The chevalier, struck dumb by such an instance of contempt, continued a few moments gazing upon her, as if he doubted, whether the woman who treated him in that manner, was really the Countess Lamour, whom he had so faithfully adored, and by whom he had once imagined himself to be tenderly beloved. Pride and resentment fortified his heart against the grief he felt at such an alteration: after casting a look full of contempt on his rival, and indifference on his mistress, he mixed among a croud of ladies, by whom he was received with the greatest respect.

The reception the chevalier met with from the rest of the ladies, sent daggers to the heart of the capricious countess, who

who now repented of the folly she had been rashly guilty of; and, unable any longer to stay in his presence, she went away so suddenly, that the chevalier (who, angry as he was, could not help often turning his eyes towards her) was surprised when he found she was gone. The chevalier, who found it difficult to suppress his emotions, and support that gaiety and unconcern he had assumed while he was in sight of his ungrateful mistress, took the first opportunity to retire.

The pride of the countess would not suffer her to make the first advances towards a reconciliation, which she now eagerly wished for: but still she expected the chevalier would purchase it by new subjections on his part. Little did she imagine that the heart, in which she had once such absolute dominion, was now wholly engrossed by two passions that are mortal foes to love: rage, at the
cruel

cruel affront she had given him in the face of the whole court, turned all his thoughts to revenge, which he was resolved to gratify, though at the expence of his eternal quiet. In this disposition of mind, he wrote a letter to his ungrateful mistress, which he gave to his valet de chambre, with orders to deliver it into her own hand. He then privately left Paris in the evening, taking his course along the Seine, full of uneasy thoughts, and uncertain how he should dispose of himself.

The friends of the countess, in the mean time, had not been idle, in endeavouring to convince her of the irregularity of her conduct. She had not only consented to an acknowledgment of her fault, but had even promised to give her hand the next day to the chevalier. While they were congratulating her on the prospect of so much happiness, the chevalier's valet arrived, and presented his

his master's letter to the countess, which was as follows :

“ After the proofs you have given
“ me, madam, of the levity of your
“ temper, and the inconstancy of your
“ heart, I can with difficulty believe
“ you are the same person, whom, for
“ many years, I have so religiously
“ adored. Blind and infatuated as I
“ was, I would once have preferred the
“ sweet slavery, to which you had re-
“ duced me, to the most splendid rank
“ fortune could have bestowed on me.
“ But the illusion is vanished, the un-
“ deserved contempt you have treated
“ me with has opened my eyes, and re-
“ stored me to myself. I have loved
“ you, madam, with a passion which no
“ time could weaken, no accident alter.
“ It is one part of my happiness now,
“ that I can say, I have loved you ; and
“ another, though less considerable, that
“ injured as I am by you, yet I have
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“ been so fortunate as to render you
“ services, which no other man ever can,
“ and could only be paid by your af-
“ fections, to which I now no longer
“ lay claim. Banish them from your
“ thoughts, madam, as well as my per-
“ son ; for this is the last time I shall
“ ever endeavour to bring either them
“ or myself to your remembrance. I
“ leave you free to make new conquests,
“ and to triumph in new acts of cruelty;
“ and, contented with having recovered
“ my liberty, can with perfect indiffe-
“ rence bid you eternally farewell.”

The Countess's Lamour, pierced to the heart with the reproaches contained in this letter, but more at the cruel indifference of the writer, apparent in every line, had scarce strength enough to read it through. The words, I “ bid you eternally farewell,” seemed to have power to separate her soul from her body, and, losing sense and motion, she
fell

fell lifeless on the sofa, where she was sitting when she received the fatal billet. She was instantly surrounded by her friends, who with some difficulty brought her to herself. Tortured with her own reflections, and despairing of ever being able to recover the heart of a man, who had quitted her with such a calm and steady resentment, she sunk under the violent perturbations of her mind, and was seized with a fever, which in a few days brought her so low that her life was despaired of. Her youth, however, and a natural good constitution, once more saved her; but she continued in a weak and languishing condition for three whole months, and plunged in so deep a melancholy, as filled the hearts of her parents and friends with inexpressible disquiet.

But to return to the Chevalier de Feu. He stopped hardly any where till he arrived at Mount Valerian, a place cele-

brated for having afforded a retreat to several illustrious persons. The solitaries, who inhabited this mount, received their new inmate with joy, as his air and mien spoke him a person of distinction, and his conversation and behaviour a man of politeness. Here he sought out the thickest recesses of the woods, and would often lay himself down at the foot of some overgrown oak, and tell his sorrow to the passing wind.

But now the approaches of a rude and cheerless winter began to lessen his taste for solitude and silence. The trees had lost their refreshing shade, and the earth its beautiful verdure; no more the sweet harmony of the birds exhilarated his spirits, the gently-dashing stream no more by its murmurs soothed his pleasing melancholy: all nature seemed to wear a face of sadness, and the altered prospect now raised only gloomy ideas in his mind: he recollected those happy moments

moments he had spent in the company of his beloved mistress, and cursed his pride, his folly, and his obstinacy, in having so strenuously adhered to his mad resolution of never seeing her more. The design of returning to Paris was as eagerly formed, and as quickly executed, as that of leaving it had been before. He provided himself with a horse and a disguise in the next village, and set out for that city with an impatience that never suffered him to stop till he reached the gates of it.

Arriving at a friend's house, after very short compliments, the chevalier asked an hundred questions, with respect to the countess, in one breath. His friend gave him a particular account of all that had happened to that lady, her grief, her illness, and the present languishing state of her body and mind. Some seeds of jealousy and pride, which still lay concealed in his heart, would

not even yet permit him to throw himself at the feet of his mistress, but determined him, if possible, to gain a sight of her without her knowledge. Accordingly he disguised himself, and took his way to the street, where the countess resided, having first obliged his friend to promise that she would faithfully keep his secret.

The most he hoped for, or indeed desired, was a transient view of the countess from the windows of her apartments; but even this he could not obtain after several days attempting it. His having been seen so frequently opposite to her window gave some of the servants a suspicion, that he had formed some illegal design; and therefore, the next time he appeared, one of them followed him a considerable distance from the house, when, in spite of his disguise, he presently discovered him to be the Chevalier de Feu. Con-
tented

tented with this, he was suffered to pass unmolested. The news was immediately carried to the Countess Lamour, who affected to receive it with indifference; but the contrary was visible on her countenance, and she could not prevent the blush on her cheek, or the sparkling of her eye: her voice, imperceptibly to herself, lost its plaintive accent.

Madam Lamour's friends now employed themselves in forming a scheme to bring her and the chevalier together. As the king had a very singular regard for both the chevalier and the countess, when their friends applied to him for his royal assistance, he strictly ordered them to take no further notice of the matter, but leave it entirely to him.

An exempt, with proper assistance, were ordered to conceal themselves, and, when the chevalier appeared before Madam Lamour's window, to seize

him, and conduct him to court. The chevalier went the next morning as usual, when the exempt executed his commission. The chevalier at first endeavoured to escape; but, his disguise falling off in the struggle, he thought it prudent to submit.

On his arrival at the palace, Madam Lamour and her friends were summoned to attend. When all parties were met, the king seated himself, and thus addressed the chevalier: "Sir, your absenting yourself so many months from my court has brought on you my highest displeasure, and I cannot permit you to pass with impunity. In revenge, I will give you fetters that shall last you your life." The king, then taking Madam Lamour by the hand, gave it to the chevalier, who received it with a transport, which hardly left him power to express his gratitude.

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The whole court congratulated them on this occasion, and the king and queen paid them singular honours. The next day saw the celebration of their nuptials, and every succeeding one brought an encrease of happiness to a pair united as well by virtue as by love.

C H A P. VIII.

Counterfeit, in a new service, engages in new adventures.

THE next service I entered into was that of a young lady, whom misfortunes had forced to America, to which place chance had likewise carried me. As her history, from her birth to the time I entered into her service, and afterwards till I left it, abounds with such an amazing vicissitude of incidents, I shall be very particular in my account of her.

England was her country, and London the place of her birth. She was scarce out of her swaddling clothes, when the revolution, under James the Second, made so many fugitives. Her father, as indiscreet as the rest, who followed the fortune of that bigotted king,

king, never abandoned the person of James. Neither the large estate he possessed here in England, the advice of his friends, or the ardent solicitations of her mother, who joined tears to her entreaties, were able to stop him. His mistaken zeal for his prince made him forgetful of the duty he owed to his family. My mistress proved the innocent victim of his folly and indiscretion.

The king, as imprudent as he was badly advised, finding the Prince of Orange, supported by a numerous fleet and a powerful army, had landed in England, resolved on resigning the sceptre, which he found too weighty for him any longer to support. The terror and fright, with which he was seized on receiving the news of the Prince of Orange being on his march to London, was so great, that he thought of nothing but immediate flight. Accordingly he embarked on board a little vessel, and

my mistress's father, (whom I shall distinguish by the title of Lord Lenox) her mother and herself, accompanied the wretched king.

Fortune, as cruel by sea as she had been by land, raised such a storm, that it was impossible for the vessel to live on the sea, and they were absolutely forced to put into Feversham. Here the king, and the rest of the passengers, were obliged to disembark, when they all entered into a little inn; and, being soon discovered, were under the greatest apprehensions. The king was first seized, and his lordship and his lady would certainly have been treated in the same manner, had they not made their escape down the garden, where they found a door open, from whence they hastened to the sea. A small French chaloup then lying near the shore, they threw themselves into it; the vessel set
sail,

fail, and thus left my mistress abandoned to the mercy of fortune.

The people of the inn tenderly kissed the sweet infant, of which they had no knowledge; but their principal thoughts, however, were how they should dispose of her, to prevent her being troublesome to them. At last, they concluded to send her back to London by the first vessel that should go thither, and to obtain leave of the magistrates to order her to be admitted into the London Workhouse.

In her passage here, every one was asking her questions; but she was unable to give the least account of her family. She was the object of pity to all that saw her; but a wine-merchant's lady of London, who was passenger in the same boat, gave her the greatest marks of her concern. Whether it was owing to any appearance of nobility she fancied in her, or whether there were

were any particular prettinesses in her little person, she embraced her tenderly, and took as much care of her during the rest of the voyage, as if she had been her own. In a word, she begged my mistress of the captain of the vessel, who, glad of the opportunity, hesitated not a moment to comply with her request; and it was to this kind lady she was indebted for her education.

This lady had several children, but was nevertheless one of those, who had prudence enough to make no distinction between them. My mistress was treated equally with the rest, and received from her as many marks of tenderness, as though she had given her birth. As she grew up, she considered her as her real mother, and loved her as tenderly. One day (being then turned of twelve years of age, when the mind begins to open itself, and distinguish between different objects) my mistress was very much

much surpris'd, on finding her generous friend, whom she had hitherto considered as her parent, pitying her misfortunes, and the severity of her fate. This appeared to her the more unaccountable, as she had hitherto considered herself as the happiest girl living.

My mistress and her supposed mother being one day by themselves in the parlour, and the latter bewailing the hard fate of the young orphan, her tender mind began to be alarmed with the approach of some impending storm. After having for some time kept a profound silence, she burst into tears, and begged an explanation of the many enigmas she had uttered. “ Alas, (said she) my dear Isabella, (for by that name she was called) I cannot but bewail the misfortune of not being able to call you my daughter; it is no less matter of uneasiness to me, that, after all the enquiries

quiries I have made, I cannot find out who are your parents, and who must, no doubt, have been under the most alarming apprehensions for your safety. All that I can learn is, that you was left at the inn from whence I took you, by some persons of distinction, who had been too warm in their prince's cause. See the whole source of my uneasiness: your hard fortune affects me much, as it is not in my power to provide for you in a manner your birth seems to command."

The unfortunate Isabella instantly threw herself on the neck of her second mother, unable for some time to give utterance to a single word. The torrent of tears, which flowed down her lovely cheeks, having discharged part of the load at her heart, she recovered her speech. Alas, dear madam, (replied she) I can acknowledge no other mother than you, in whom I have experienced
all

all the indulgence of maternal fondness !
Why (added she, disengaging herself
from the arms of her friend, and throwing
herself on her knees) will you not
own me for your daughter ?”

The tears which the lady let fall upon
this occasion, convinced my mistress
more clearly of her affection for her,
than it was possible for words to express.
“ Ah, heaven, (cried her friend) why
am I not in a condition to provide for
this poor infant in a manner suitable to
my wishes !” Unwilling to let Isabella
be any further witness of the grief of
her heart, she left the room immediately.
However incapable Isabella was of making
proper reflections, she failed not to
consider her present situation in conjectures
suitable to her age ; but the more
she thought of it, the more she found
herself bewildered.

A few days afterwards, Isabella took
an opportunity to entreat her generous
friend

friend to conceal nothing from her, but to relate every circumstance of her misfortunes, with which she was acquainted. Accordingly, having told her every thing, she concluded with, "It is now ten years since I began to shew you these favours, which I have till this time continued, and will not cease to do otherwise till my death. But, as you are now arrived at an age, in which it is proper to think of giving you some employment, I intend to put you to a milliner, one of my intimate friends, with whom you will be well used."

Habella, in spite of her tender years, could not help considering herself as wretched while destitute of parents. However, she thanked her kind friend, and begged her to dispose of her as she thought proper, assuring her, that no care should be wanting on her part, to second her views. The reflection of these afflicting circumstances destroyed
a gaiety

a gaiety of temper natural to her. When she entered on her new profession, every one was surprised to see a girl of her age so serious, and so indifferent to those trifles and baubles so much admired by young females. Her pretended brother, who was two years older than Isabella, was the first who perceived it. She loved him as her brother, and he was continually giving her some fresh mark of his favour, and neither of them at any time seemed more happy, than when they were together.

It is certain that love is of every age, and waits not years to kindle it in young hearts: as we see flowers bloom in the spring, and form agreeable fruits, of which we with pleasure partake when the summer's heat has brought them to maturity: but the inclinations of these lovers had not the same fate; the fruit of their love scarce appeared, when it
was

was blighted by the all-destructive hand of destiny.

Isabella's mistress soon became fonder of her than of any of her girls ; and, at the end of her second year's apprenticeship, employed her in carrying home her work, in which she gave general satisfaction. Turner, (the name of her supposed brother) whose love increased with his age, failed not every night to attend at her mistress's door, to conduct her from thence to her lodgings. His presence gave her pleasure, which she sensibly felt, but could not describe. Turner was then seventeen years of age, and Isabella fifteen : a time, in which love makes a rapid progress in the hearts of both sexes. The arrows of love then appear to them sweet and pleasing, because they are inexperienced, and cannot discover the venom with which they are pointed.

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As soon as the term of her apprenticeship was ended, her mistress engaged her in her service, and represented to her, that having till then been a charge to her generous friend, she ought now to think of easing her of that expence. "Though she is fond of you, (continued her mistress) it is not to be expected that she should always support you: she has children of her own to provide for; and you ought to be satisfied with her having enabled you to take care of yourself." Isabella considered this remonstrance as very reasonable; but the thoughts of being separated from her lover was to her the cause of great uneasiness. However, as she could not refuse, she accepted the advantageous offers of her mistress's house.

Turner's parents having by some means found out the passion he had conceived for Isabella, expressed their displeasure in hard terms, which the generous youth acquainted

acquainted his lover with at their next meeting, assuring her, that nothing was capable of robbing her of his affections, nor should the consideration of the most extensive advantages ever make him prove faithless.

Isabella was one morning sent by her mistress to the house of one lord Lenox with a dozen of fine shirts. This nobleman afterwards proved to be Isabella's father, who, finding nothing agreeable in France, and having lost his wife, made his peace with King William and returned to London. Two lords were in his company, when Isabella entered his room. Her work was perfectly well received, without any examination, on her own word. He paid her a thousand compliments, (little thinking it was his daughter) and, having satisfied her bill, presented her with two guineas for herself: he then conducted her to the door, desiring

firing her to wait on him the next day for a larger order.

Ifabella waited on his lordship the next day, according to his orders. She found him alone in his chamber, whither she was conducted by his footman. It is natural to suppose, from his lordship's design, that she was well received. He took her by the hand, and made her sit down by him. Ifabella rose up briskly, and begged permission to retire. "Stop, (said he to Ifabella, holding her by her gown) Why do you refuse those strong marks of my love I now offer you? Is there nothing I can do to engage you to make a suitable return? Speak, and I will listen to every thing you can propose! My heart is become a frightful field of battle: the sentiments of love, which your presence there awakens, and my honour, which will not suffer me to proceed to violence, deliver me up to a
situation

situation more painful than that of death."

" I know not, my lord, (replied Isabella) what superior power has rendered me so weak, as to listen to your seducing language: I enjoyed your conversation with pleasure, while my honour was not interested; but, as soon as you attempted that, all my forces were rallied to resist you. Be not surpris'd, my lord, my honour is the only possession I can boast of; for Fortune has not yet robbed me of that. Permit me to preserve the only treasure I possess, and cease to pursue a design, which, if accomplished, must end in my ruin. I conjure you, in the name of heaven, not to attempt to corrupt the innocence of the most unfortunate girl in the world."

These words, which she pronounced with much modesty and resolution, threw him into the utmost amazement,
and

and he considered it as a miracle, that a girl of her profession should refuse the most advantageous offers. His reflections kept him for some moments in a profound silence ; but recovering himself at last, “ Since you so well know (said he) what passes in my heart, you cannot but pity those tender sentiments with which you have inspired me : your charms, your accomplishments, and a something that I cannot account for, which I find in your amiable person, have raised in my breast a tumult, which nothing but your compassion can appease. Is heaven capable of bestowing charms on any one, so great a stranger to pity !”

“ If you would wish to gain any part of my esteem, (replied Isabella) you must act like a man of honour and generosity, in permitting me instantly to retire.” “ Go then, (said his lordship) I esteem your virtue, but your cruelty

is insupportable : I hope that time will moderate it, and plead something in my favour." His lordship, rising to hand her to the stairs, would have first made her a present of ten guineas, exhorting her, at the same time, to persevere in her virtue ; but she absolutely refused his purse, and retired, to his great astonishment, without accepting it.

C H A P. IX.

Continuation of the history of Isabella.

ISABELLA, having quitted his lordship, found her ideas so perplexed, her heart throbbing with a violent palpitation, and her mind so bewildered, that she imagined she was taken notice of by every one that passed her. Unwilling to return home to her mistress in this situation, and finding herself in one of those streets which border on the Thames, she hastened to a wall, over which she could look into the river, and there, by the variety of pleasing objects which might present themselves, endeavour to reduce to order the chaos of her thoughts: thus the mariner, after a tempest, labours to repair the sails, which the rude winds have shattered and destroyed.

In the midst of these perplexities, she beheld Turner approaching her, whom some mercantile business had brought that way. Though the storm in her bosom was in some measure appeased, yet he had been too well accustomed to read the language of her eyes, not to perceive the disorder of her mind. He enquired after her health in the most tender and endearing terms; and Isabella, knowing it would be in vain to attempt to deceive him, pleaded a pain in her head. He then insisted on attending her home, which, however disagreeable at this time, she was obliged to comply with.

A few days afterwards, his lordship, inspired by his passion, laid a snare for Isabella, which it was impossible for her to avoid. He sent a stranger to her mistress, to acquaint her, that the Dutchess of Queensberry desired her to send one of her girls for some valuable
head-

head-dresses, which she wanted to be altered. The hour appointed arrived, and Isabella was sent on this errand. Scarce had she entered one particular street, which was little frequented, and through which she was obliged to pass, when two men seized her, and forced her into a coach hired for that purpose. One person only was in the carriage, who advised her to make no noise, as she valued her safety. He first seized her hands, that she might not let down the blinds, so that she could neither see nor be seen by any one.

It was in the neighbourhood of Hyde-Park she had been seized, and was got no further than the upper end of it, under Kensington garden-wall, when they were stopped, and a voice heard to cry out, "Fire!" which was instantly followed by the report of two or three pistols. The person, who remained in the coach with Isabella, on hearing the

discharge of the pistols, instantly got out, and betook himself to flight. Astonished as Isabella was, she could not avoid hearing a person, in a very high voice, demanding of the coachman, who were the villains that had attempted to carry off the young lady he had brought thither. The coachman replied, in a very submissive manner, that he knew not. At that instant his lordship appeared at the coach-door, presented his hand to Isabella, and entreated her to quit the hackney coach, and accept of his carriage, in which she might be sure of safety. “ I had been informed, madam, (said his lordship) just as I entered Hyde-Park, that a young lady had been forced away, and that she was in the coach which had just passed me. I pursued so diligently in my own, that I had the good fortune to come up with it. I am happy in having this opportunity to convince you, how
much

much I would at all times wish to be a friend to the amiable part of your sex."

The compliment was flattering, but she knew not how to receive it: it was difficult for her to determine, whether the sight of his lordship gave her most pleasure or pain. Not knowing how to reconcile these two sudden adventures, she determined to accompany his lordship in his coach wherever it went to. She observed, that the coach was not his, any more than the servants who attended him, as their liveries were quite different from those she had before seen. When you reflect on the scenes which have already passed between my lord and Isabella, you will readily imagine that in this he kept up his character: but it turned out otherwise; for he entertained her only with a repetition of the dangers, to which girls of her age and profession were continually exposed: he reminded her of what had already passed, and con-

cluded with advising her either to marry or seek some other employ.

She thanked him for his care and wise counsels, assuring him she would endeavour to reduce them to practice. Passing the time away in conversation of this kind, they arrived at a country house, which, by the authority he there assumed, she imagined to be his. They entered the hall, where every kind of refreshment was served up, and his lordship appeared charmed with the serenity, which seemed to smile on her countenance. His words were the dictates of delicacy, and his manners corresponded with his sentiments. "If you please, (said his lordship to Isabella) when you have rested yourself, we will take a walk in the gardens, which are very fine." Isabella instantly rising, he gave her his hand, and conducted her out of the house: he led her into a beautiful walk,

walk, where art and nature were most admirably interwoven.

After some time spent in admiring the beauties of the place, he conducted her into an arbour covered with flowers, and ornamented with two beautiful marble figures, representing the son of Priam and the incomparable Helen. "You see, my dear, (said he) that beauty, who was less cruel than you. I pursue your heart and your good graces by the most tender marks of my attention, and I am ready to sacrifice every thing to your interest: but you in return treat me only with slight and indifference, which diminish the pleasure I feel in your company. It is perhaps owing to this, that the innocent sentiments of my heart vanish, my virtue sinks beneath itself, and desire, its mortal enemy, struggles hard for the victory."

“ I see, (replied Isabella) that your lordship has still designs upon my virtue. Desist, I beseech you, from such ungenerous thoughts. I am at present in your hands, it is true; but I should not have submitted to that, had I not thought myself secure in your integrity: I am still firm in this resolution, that I will sooner lose my life than my virtue.”

His lordship fixed his eyes on the earth, and remained for some time silent. At last, “ Ah, gods, (cried he) where is that secret charm in virtue, which calls back a loose and ungenerous passion to the proper bounds of reason and honour! Henceforward, my lovely Isabella, consider me as the most abandoned of mankind, if I again ever give you the ~~least~~ cause of complaint.”

This discourse having recalled her former tranquillity, she thanked his lordship for the generosity of his sentiments,

timents, and, having finished their walk, they returned to the house to supper. As soon as that was over, they proceeded to London, and, as the night was dark, it favoured the hopes she had formed of quitting his lordship unobserved. Isabella, after taking leave of him, went to the house of one of her friends, who did business for her mistress. On her arrival there, putting her hands into her pocket, she felt a purse, and, pulling it out and opening it, she found it contained twenty guineas, and a diamond ring richly mounted. She was quickly convinced, that his lordship must have conveyed it there on their return to London, and that the motion of the coach had prevented her feeling it.

Isabella's first enquiry was, what her mistress thought of her absence. Her friend told her, that she had been very uneasy for her, fearing that she had

fallen into bad hands: "But she has (continued she) taken so much to heart the misfortunes of Madam Turner, that she is now ill in bed." At this introduction to something undoubtedly very disagreeable, "Ah, my God, (cried Isabella, trembling with fear and horror) my dear Turner is no more!" and, before she had well uttered these words, fell motionless to the ground. Every method was instantly applied to recover her, which they at last effected, after having almost given her over for lost. Having recovered her senses, she affected an inclination for sleep, in order that she might be left with her friend only, who conducted her to bed. The company being retired, "Alas, my dear Betsey, (said Isabella) tell me the rest of your fatal story: I am prepared to hear the worst.—Is my lover dead?"

"Yes, he is, (replied her friend :) he died suddenly this day at noon."

"O heaven,

“ O heaven, (exclaimed Isabella) it is without doubt to render my days miserable that you have deprived him of life! But let me implore thee, O just heaven, to complete the sacrifice, and suffer not one half to survive the other!” To these complaints succeeded heart-felt sighs, and a torrent of tears. Her friend endeavoured to palliate her affliction by the voice of reason, and prudently, for the present, concealed from her the manner and cause of her lover’s death. It was not till near a month after that she learned, that the unfortunate Turner, not being able to gain the consent of his parents to marry Isabella, and falling into the deepest despair, had shot himself through the head.

Though vain mortals must not presume to arraign the decrees of infinite wisdom, yet surely it may not be criminal to wish, that heaven had permitted Isabella to have discovered her father
before

before the perpetration of this rash action of an infatuated youth! The tranquillity of an honest family would not then have been disturbed, nor the generosity of Mrs. Turner rewarded with endless horror, grief, and despair. But, alas! cruel Fortune had marked Isabella as the destruction of almost every one, who either admired her person, or pitied her misfortunes.

Isabella's friend, finding her grief a little calmed, persuaded her to endeavour to repose herself, and then quitted her. During the whole night, sleep was a stranger to her eyes, and the deplorable fate of her beloved Turner was ever present to her view. The returning morn, however, somewhat soothed her grief, and the chearful countenance, which Aurora spreads over the whole scene of nature, dissipated the horrors of chagrin and despair: just as we see the sun after a violent storm, in which
the

the whole face of heaven has been obscured, dart forth his rays from the bosom of the thick clouds in which they were enveloped.

Some time afterwards, she received a card from his lordship, in which he acquainted her, that he had procured her a place under the Dutchess of Dorset, and begged her attendance at his house the next morning. On her arrival there, she was introduced to his lordship, who received her in the politest manner. As soon as she was seated, she drew the purse out of her pocket, and shewing it to his lordship, "See here, my lord (said she) the marks of my candour and of your bounty." He blushed, but strongly denied any knowledge of the purse. Isabella did not insist on it, but returned it into her pocket, contenting herself with telling him, that the colour which rose in his face was a better witness than the declaration

ration of his tongue. He could not help smiling, and she could not refuse him a kiss, which he took as soon as asked for, without waiting a denial.

Some time having passed in conversation, and breakfast being finished, his lordship attended Isabella, and introduced her to the Dutchess of Dorset. Her grace received her in a polite manner, and gave her to understand, that she was to act more in the capacity of her companion than as that of her servant. Isabella thanked her in so modest and delicate a manner as charmed the dutchess, and she took possession immediately of her chamber.

It was not long before she found this new kind of life become very familiar to her: her mind was now perfectly at ease, for she had nothing to disturb it, and she imagined herself out of the reach of cruel and invidious Fortune; but what she soon after suffered convinced

vinced her of her mistake : she learned by fatal experience, that the road to misery is often through the most pleasing paths. Happy it is for mortals, that they cannot look into the roll of Fate, and there read the future ills they are doomed to suffer !

C H A P. X.

Isabella embarks for Ireland, and is taken prisoner by the French.

KING William, having appointed the Duke of Dorset Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, pressed his grace to go over immediately, in order to quash a conspiracy, which was then forming in favour of James. The dutchess soon followed the duke. However sensible Isabella was of the advantages she might derive from this advancement of the duke, and though she was one of the maids of honour, she found herself very much chagrined at being separated from Lord Lenox, whom nature had taught her to regard as something more than a common protector. He visited Isabella the evening before her departure, and appeared
equally

equally sensible of the loss he was shortly to sustain.

His lordship now asked Isabella, for the first time, what was her age; to which she replied, Eighteen. Hearing this, he fixed his eyes on the ground, and put on a sorrowful countenance. Isabella perceived the alteration in his looks, but knew not the cause of it: she imagined that something at court had made him uneasy. After having remained pensive for some moments, he enquired of her what was her name; and, on her telling him she had no other than that of Isabella, it threw him into still greater confusion. He assumed, however, his usual air; but what each of them felt at parting, their countenances sufficiently declared.

Having received her orders from the dutchess, who was then setting off in her coach for Chester, accompanied with two of her maids, she embarked
instantly

instantly on board a vessel, in which were all the rich cloaths, and other valuable things, belonging to the dutchess. The winds were favourable enough; but why was not fate so too? Why was she doomed to be the deplorable sport of Fortune, and to be snatched from the arms of a tender parent, whom Nature had already taught, though through a cloud of obscurity, to consider her as his daughter?

Scarce were they got out of the channel, when an armed vessel from St. Malo bore down upon them, and took them with very little trouble. The captain of the French vessel behaved with the greatest civility to Isabella, and promised to put her on shore at either Dunkirk or Calais, if the winds would permit him. Grieved as she was for the loss of her own cloaths, as well as those of the dutchess, she received some consolation in the promise the captain had

had made her. She had resolved to go from Dunkirk to Holland by land, and from thence embark for England. However, the wind turning against them, they were driven from the coast of France, and the captain, who had appeared very sincere in his promise, came to acquaint Isabella, that it was not in his power to fulfil it. He assured her, that the wind being so much against him, he should be obliged to make the coast of Bretany. This was sorrowful news to Isabella, seeing she should be so far carried from the coast of England. She had money, it is true; but she knew not how much of it she could call her own.

While she was employed in these thoughts, three English ships appeared in sight. The French captain, finding himself too weak to think of engaging them, crowded all the sail he could, and endeavoured to get off; but the
English,

English, having espied him in their turn, pursued, and soon came up with him. The engagement lasted some time, and was very obstinate on both sides, during which Isabella was offering up her prayers to heaven for her countrymen, not doubting, if they prevailed, she should immediately be carried back to England. Her prayers were heard, but her expectations were baulked: the French vessel was taken, and Isabella made herself known to the captain of the victor, who instantly ordered her on board his own ship. He endeavoured to console her as much as possible; but assured her, that though it was easy enough for him to return to the channel, yet he dared not to do it, being obliged to pursue his voyage. "We are going, madam, (said he) to South Carolina, from whence we shall return in three months: make yourself easy, and

and be assured you shall want nothing which my vessel can afford you."

However satisfied she might be, on seeing herself in the hands of her own countrymen, she could not help wishing she had been disembarked in France, from whence she might have easily procured a passage to London. The ideas she had formed of gaining a fortune in the service of the Dutchess of Dorset were now entirely vanished. The captain, who was a young man of about thirty, contributed not a little to make her forget past misfortunes: Isabella was the constant object of his attention, and he offered her his cabin, in so pressing and obliging a manner, that she could not dispense with accepting it. After desiring her to describe her chests, he ordered them to be carried into her own apartment; and, not content with shewing her this mark of his generosity, he gave her all the cloaths belonging

belonging to the dutchess, which she pleased to accept of. Isabella thanked him in the most grateful terms; to which he gallantly replied, "Madam, if the right of conquest had made you mistress of my person, a law more powerful would have made you absolute possessor of my heart. Happy shall I be, my amiable prize, if you shall think me worthy of your's."

The blushes, which covered Isabella's cheeks, convinced him of the surprise his declaration had caused, and she knew not how to answer him. He had nothing in him forbidding, and a little time might convince her, that he was not unworthy of her love; but, as she had little inclination to engage in new connections, since death had so cruelly broken those, which had united her and the faithful Turner, she was constantly on her guard against the arrows of love; and, whether she found
any

any thing disagreeable in the first advances of the captain, or whether vanity made her aspire to something above his station, she answered him very coolly; however, as she was in his hands, it would not have been prudent to have given him a denial. "If any thing (said Isabella) is capable of softening my chagrin, your kind and obliging manners would do it: I nevertheless consider your favours as I ought: sorrowful reflections at present engross my heart. The time will perhaps come when they will be dispersed, and I shall be at liberty to answer to the advances you have made me: in the mean time, be assured, captain, that you shall have no reason to accuse me with ingratitude."

The manner in which she spoke these words gave him no opportunity of discovering the situation of her heart; he could not determine, whether she re-

jected or accepted his addresses, her eyes and her manner of expression having nothing in them either flattering or forbidding : however, he quitted Isabella's chamber, after having put her in possession of it, but first asked permission sometimes to return to enquire after her health, which she could not refuse him.

The voyage proved as agreeable as she could wish for, the wind being favourable all the time : the kind attention of the captain, and the care of all those who depended on him, either through duty or complaisance, contributed to make every thing pleasing ; and, if the ladies, who were passengers in the same vessel, had conceived any jealousy at the flattering preference shewn her, they were genteel enough to conceal it.

After two months passage they arrived safe at Carolina. Just as they were entering

tering the port, the captain went into Isabella's apartments : " We have now safely reached our destination, (said he ;) you are, no doubt, overjoyed to have gained the land, while I feel the utmost reluctance at quitting the sea." " Alas, captain, (replied Isabella) you surprise me ! Can any mariner think so ?" " Every mariner would think so, (said he) were they to lose a valuable treasure when they quitted the ocean." Isabella assured him his conversation was an enigma, which she could not comprehend. " Ah, (said the captain) it is my misfortune that you will not understand. I cannot conceal my sentiments from you, I must explain them to you — I love you, and have reason to believe you cannot be ignorant of it. I have had the pleasure of your company in my vessel, without fear of a rival ; but what have I not to apprehend the moment you shall tread upon land ?" Isabella

assured him, that her heart was secured from the arrows of love, and that she had nothing to fear on that account. That is some satisfaction, (said he;) and, though I may not have the pleasure of possessing it myself, I shall not have the mortification of seeing any other enjoy it. But this is not all, and I must tell you the rest: I know not your condition in life, nor do I ask it: I shall content myself with acquainting you with what I possess: it is needless to speak of my profession, you know that already. I have a sufficiency to live a life of ease and contentment: the ship, which brought you here, is my own, as well as a house in London, so that I have a habitation both by land and sea. Can all these things plead the cause of a heart, which I offer you, if worthy your acceptance?"

This free confession made such rapid progress in her heart, that she was in a manner

manner forced to receive his addresses. "You speak to me (said Isabella) with so much seeming sincerity, that I cannot doubt your veracity: I should esteem myself the most happy woman in the universe, could I be assured that these sentiments in my favour would never alter. I confess to you, that I have loved you out of gratitude, and I will one day give you my hand and my heart; but I cannot conclude any thing till you shall have carried me back to London. However, to prevent your alarms, I will give you my promise in writing, provided I receive the same from you." The captain was content, and they sealed their mutual promise with a kiss. He took genteel lodgings for Isabella in Charles - Town, and watched every opportunity to give her fresh marks of his delicate love and constant esteem.

Their stay at Charles-Town was only two months, which passed away swiftly in the eyes of Isabella. The new pleasures, which every day produced, formed an agreeable variety, that made her forget all her past misfortunes ; and the amiable disposition of the captain promised a succession of happiness. The time being arrived for their departure from Carolina, they set sail, and in two months arrived at the mouth of the British channel ; but the wind not permitting them to enter, they were obliged to lie-to for the space of ten days.

At the end of the eleventh, towards the setting of the sun, they discovered a vessel bearing down on them, but could not perceive whether she was a friend or enemy ; however, the captain prepared to act on the defensive. At break of day the next morning, they discovered it to be a French privateer. The
captain,

captain, perceiving the enemy was too powerful for him, crowded all the sail he could, to get into the channel, but to no purpose. The enemy observing their endeavours to escape, bore down upon them. This sorrowful adventure recalled all former misfortunes to the memory of the unhappy Isabella: the risque which she run of being stripped of all she possessed, gave her little uneasiness, the safety of her lover was the object of her alarms, and it was not till this moment that she learned how much she loved him. — Her heart was agitated with a thousand fears. The engagement was long and obstinate, and her lover made a glorious defence, beating off the enemy, who had several times in vain attempted to board them; but the pilot being killed, the captain was obliged to take his place, and manage the helm. He had not been there above four mi-

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nutes, when a cannon ball carried away his head. His death dejected the rest of the crew, and filled the enemy with courage. They were then boarded without much trouble, and obliged to surrender.

CHAP. XI.

*Fresh calamities befall the unfortunate
Isabella.*

THE victorious captain, having secured the crew, among whom he had shut up the three passengers, came into the cabin where Isabella had got, as soon as she heard that her lover was dead. He found her in a swoon, stretched on the boards. Every means were immediately used to recal her to her senses; but the recovery of them did not soften her affliction. His politeness and good manners would undoubtedly have in some measure soothed her grief, had he not been obliged to quit her, to go and give orders.

Being informed of the length of the route the Frenchman was to make, it added greatly to Isabella's grief. At

H 5 this

this instant, the French captain returned, attended by two sailors, who brought with them various kinds of refreshments; but Isabella had no relish for any thing, except a glass of wine, which the captain himself handed her. She then desired to be left alone, that she might endeavour to repose herself; and the captain, seeing she had need enough of it, instantly withdrew.

Thus her body was reposing, while her mind and her heart were in a state much to be pitied. She at last imagined to herself, that fate had done her worst now, and that it was impossible to pursue her any further: she had early imbibed a mistaken notion, that however rigorously ill fortune may pursue us, even for a long series of years, she certainly quits us at last, and leaves us to enjoy the blessings of peace and tranquillity. However that may be, it is time enough to think of evils when they
arrive,

arrive, and we must not endeavour to enlarge them by prepossession : imaginary misfortunes are always more dreadful than real ones.

Dinner time being come, the captain returned to Isabella's chamber : he perceived by her eyes, that her sorrow was somewhat abated : indeed, the reflections she had made while by herself had considerably lessened it. " It is time, madam, (said the captain to Isabella) that you should take some kind of nourishment. I expect the favour of your company to dine with me, my pilot, and my surgeon." " I will not refuse you, Sir, (said Isabella) for I find I have need of it."

He took her very complaisantly by the hand, and conducted her into his ship. The excellent soup she there eat, recovered her spirits, the natural colour of her lovely cheeks returned, and she found herself in a condition to answer

the questions the captain put to her. He had only learned from an English sailor, who spoke French very badly, that they came from South Carolina; but, as he had seen Isabella so afflicted with the loss of her lover, he enquired whether the dead captain had been her husband. She answered him very ingenuously, that he was only her promised one, that their marriage would have been concluded in England, as soon as they had arrived there, if they had been so happy as not to have fallen into their hands. The captain, smiling, "Do you then (said he) think yourself unfortunate in being the principal fruit of my victory?" "Though I cannot (replied Isabella) think myself happy as being in your hands, yet, merely on that account I do not think myself unfortunate. It is the death of my lover, which has put me in your possession, and made me wretched. Had you taken

taken him alive, I should have had nothing to fear." "You consider, then, (said he) the deceased captain as your faithful lover: were you to regain another, pray where would be the misfortune?"

This proposition made Isabella blush: she assured the captain, with down-cast eyes, that she was not in a condition to answer such questions. "Well, well, (replied the captain) time must be given you. There is room to hope, that you will think like the rest of the world when you come to reflect seriously."

A sigh, which escaped Isabella, excused her from saying any thing further on that subject. The surgeon, who appeared sensibly touched with her misfortunes, interrupted this conversation, which appeared no ways pleasing to him. He asked Isabella, in an exceedingly polite manner, if she was a native of the English colonies? She assured him:

him she was not, and, to prevent any further enquiries of that kind, related her adventures, from her embarking for Ireland to the time she had fallen into their hands. This conversation lasted during dinner time, and fully satisfied the curiosity of those present.

The captain and the pilot going upon deck, the surgeon and Isabella were left alone. As soon as they were gone, he took the opportunity to assure her, that he felt much for her misfortunes, and especially for the loss of her ship. "Were the ship and cargo (said he) at my disposal, you should soon be as much mistress of them as ever. However, I will use all my interest to procure you your cloaths, and, I think, I shall not fail in the attempt. Happy should I think myself, if I could sufficiently prove to you, how much my heart partakes of the affliction of yours."

Isabella

Isabella thanked him kindly for his tender sentiments, and added, that she was uneasy at seeing him so much interested in her sorrows. “ I have seen, (said Isabella) by fatal experience, the deplorable fate of those, who have wished me well. Moderate, I pray you, your zeal in my favour, and do not expose yourself to the fury of my invidious fortune : I advise you to have for me neither love nor pity ; but, if you find it difficult to suppress the feelings of humanity, take care that an indulgence of these sentiments do not prove productive of a passion. Let me add, and be cautious never to forget it, it is very dangerous to love me.”

It was not difficult for Isabella to perceive the surprise which this answer threw him into ; his perplexity kept him silent for some moments. At last, “ You have (said he) very artfully expressed the refusal you have made me,
I should

I should not have presumed to offer you a heart, a stranger to falsity and deceit, had I not supposed your's free; and that your engagements had all expired with the death of your late lover." She assured him, that her heart was free; but that she was resolved to keep it so all her life, that she might not expose a new lover to those dreadful calamities, which her former ones had experienced: "Do not attribute (said she) the resolution I have taken of confining sensibility within the bounds of simple esteem, to any thing else than these just prejudices. You have sincerely my esteem — Gratitude demands it from me. Take my advice, and aspire to nothing further." "You appear to me, (replied the surgeon) to be formed by the hand of heaven to make mankind happy, and not wretched. Those, who formerly addressed you, were perhaps not sincere, but founded their

their affection on a brutal passion. It is no wonder then, that heaven should so severely punish those who had presumed to violate her choicest works. I have nothing to fear on that score — my love is sincere and lawful: make one more tryal, and I will venture to affirm, that experience will convince you of the truth of my assertion, and will oblige you to confess that heaven is just.”

“ Alas, generous stranger, (said Isabella) if heaven is just, why should I be otherwise? Your reasons are too seducing, to leave me room to suspect they are not sincere: I am willing to believe your heart and your tongue go together. I cannot conceal my sentiments from you, but must confess I love you. O heaven grant that no new calamity may separate our lawful union!”

The transport of joy, which these words of Isabella raised in the bosom
of

of the surgeon, made him turn pale, which she interpreted as the omen of future disasters. This idea, which had taken possession of her breast, plunged her into a moment's sorrowful reflections, which the surgeon instantly perceived, and, as he knew the cause of it, "Fear nothing for me, (said he) heaven will not set aside a union, which itself has formed; and, if it approves it, we cannot but be happy. It is time now to forget all that is past." The conversation then turned on what he possessed, of all which he gave her a particular account, and she found it much greater than she could have reason to expect. He was at that time a surgeon upon half-pay: and the French king not having fitted out any new men of war that season, he took the opportunity of obliging the captain, by serving under him in this cruise as armourer. On his first seeing Isabella,
the

the surgeon could not help confessing to the captain, that he had fallen in love with her, and it was in his favour the captain had spoken so much while at dinner, for, as to himself, he had been married six months.

His good faith merited her's : she confessed to him, that, polite and generous as he was, she could not but love him; and, willing to embrace that favourable moment of liberty, she entrusted him with all the money she had. What specie she was possessed of, she had carried in her pocket, as thinking that the securest means of preserving it. She pulled out a purse, in which were three hundred guineas : this she presented to the surgeon, desiring him to keep it as his own, not doubting but it would be more secure in his possession than her own; and, indeed, it was a wonder they had not taken it from her before. He received
it,

it, and approved of her caution. "Tho' the captain, (said he) is undoubtedly my friend, it is necessary he should know nothing of this matter. Interest often dissolves the warmest friendship." He then prayed Isabella to have a guard over her actions, that there might be no suspicion of what had passed between them; and he assured her of the like conduct in himself.

This part of his conduct gave Isabella a high opinion of his prudence, and contributed not a little to confirm her in the sentiments she had formed so much in his favour. The rest of the voyage passed very agreeably till they reached the entrance of St. Malo, where they were to land. The wind, which had hitherto been favourable, now changed on a sudden, and blew tempestuously: so that they were again obliged to stand off to sea. The little hopes they had of returning there again
for

for some time, induced the surgeon to engage the captain to land him and Isabella at Bellisle. This is an island dependant on Bretany, and is separated from Vannes by a little arm of the sea.

His design, though she learned it not from her lover, but from one of the seamen, gave Isabella great pleasure, as she began to be heartily tired of the sea. She had besides experienced so many misfortunes on that element, that she was continually in dread of new ones. The captain, willing to oblige his friend, steered directly for Bellisle, and the surgeon came to acquaint Isabella with it. Though she knew it already, the confirmation of it from his mouth gave her singular satisfaction. He told her, that he perceived she was weary of the sea, and had therefore taken measures to gain the land as soon as possible. He had friends at the place they were to disembark at, who, he
was

was sure, would be well pleased with the choice he had made.

Isabella answered the language of her lover, which flowed from his heart, with the sincere sentiments of her own, his complaisance and care of her rendering him worthy of every thing. Never had she yet found a character that so nearly sympathised with her own, and she drew from it presages of future felicity, not dreading any thing that could interrupt it at present. But her fears quitted her, only to make the return of her misfortunes the more sensible and touching.

C H A P. XII.

The two lovers are separated, and Isabella narrowly escapes with her life.

THEY arrived safe at Bellisle about an hour before sun-set, and the captain, having cast anchor, prepared to put Isabella and the surgeon on shore; but the latter made so many entreaties to the captain to accompany them, that he was forced to submit. It was not without a view, that the surgeon was so solicitous for the captain's company. As soon as they were landed, the captain offered Isabella his arm, which she accepted without ceremony, and they followed the surgeon to a house kept by his aunt, who was very rich, and designed at her death to leave every thing to him. Passing by a great inn
upon

upon the road, just by his aunt's, he stepped in, and ordered an elegant supper to follow him as soon as possible. However easy his aunt's circumstances might be, he did not doubt, as she knew nothing of his arrival, but he should find her quite unprepared to regale them with such delicacies as he intended.

The good aunt received her nephew with every mark of joy and tenderness, and was going to give orders for supper, when she was informed it had already been bespoken. All these pleasing circumstances sunk Isabella's former misfortunes, for the present, into oblivion. Joy succeeded the excellent cheer, and the night passed with the utmost felicity. We may easily judge of her sensibility for these innocent pleasures after all the fatigues she had sustained.

The surgeon, who was sensible and prudent, seeing the captain in a good humour,

humour, thought this the favourable moment he ought to improve: He declared to him, with his usual freedom, that he had made choice of Isabella for his spouse. "It is time (said he to the captain) that I should think of a wife: many of my friends have proposed it, and have recommended different beauties; but I was determined never to enter into that state till chance should throw a fair one in my way, whom I thought I could love. See, captain, (taking Isabella by the hand) what heaven has destined for me!"

"I cannot but applaud your taste, (replied the captain) and I doubt not, if I may venture to speak of time to come, but you will be extremely happy in each other, as each of you possess all the qualifications necessary to fill life with felicity." Isabella replied to his obliging politeness in a few words, judging it not prudent to waste moments so precious to the interest of her

and her lover, who, in his turn, made the compliment to the captain as short as possible, and, pursuing his design, "Well, captain, (said he) since you approve of my choice, will you not befriend me?" The captain assuring him he would to the utmost of his power, he then begged the favour of him to restore Isabella a part of what, by the laws of conquest, were now his property, formerly that of Isabella's. The captain not only promised to give her back her boxes, but to permit her to chuse what part of the merchandize she liked. "To-morrow, (said he) you shall breakfast on board with me, and you shall see I am a man of my word." A disinterestedness so rare agreeably surpris'd them, as it is what is seldom to be found in people of that profession. A little treasure, acquired at the hazard and peril of life, is very valuable to them.

The

The next day they breakfasted on board, and the captain performed his promise. The chests, and what other things Isabella chose, being sent on shore, they took leave of the captain, who instantly set sail with a fair wind.

The lovers, after having spent eight days with the aunt, embarked to cross over the little arm of the sea to Vannes, which was the place of the surgeon's settlement. The bark, in which they were to be transported to the opposite shore, was very heavy laden. Isabella was placed between the boxes, to shelter her from the wind, which blew impetuously. These cases were so fastened together with cords, that it was impossible for them to move, and Isabella sat between them as though in a chair. The purse, which she had delivered to her lover while on board, he now returned her, as thinking it safest in her possession.

Cruel Fate, who had not yet glutted herself by the many calamities with which she had afflicted her, began now to exercise her authority anew, and, while Isabella was pleasing herself with the ideas of her future happiness, in a moment changed the scene to horror and despair. Scarce had they got half over, when the storm grew violent, and the bark, unable to withstand it, was soon covered with water. Happily for Isabella, she made no efforts to disengage herself from between the boxes, where she was in a manner jammed in, and though in the midst of the waves, received no violence from them. In this situation she had the mortification to see her lover exposed to the fury of the merciless winds and waves, which he endeavoured to resist by swimming the best he could. The resolution with which he struck the waves made her hope he would gain the shore. As to herself,

herself, she was assured the winds would blow her to land with the boxes, which were strongly tied together. She doubted not but her lover would gain the shore as well as herself; but a sad mischance soon deprived her of this hope.

Isabella saw her generous lover turn back to the assistance of a young woman, whose lamentable cries awakened all his tenderness, and whom he mistook for his intended wife; for, in the manner in which she was engaged between the boxes, it was impossible he should see her, even though she was near him. He swam up to her, and, after having caught her by the arm, they thrice sunk together, and Isabella at last lost sight of them. Her grief was extreme, and, though she loved him sincerely, she was not so rash as voluntarily to perish with him. The laws of self-preservation allow, that it is better to live alone, than perish in company, even with

those we love most. Such heroism, however, in a female breast, is not to be expected, from Isabella especially, who had been no stranger to the loss of a lover.

Notwithstanding the horror and agonies she was in, for the loss of her faithful Abalen, (for such was her lover's name) the desire of saving herself still found a place in her heart. She was already on the shore, when she believed herself to be still at the mercy of the waves. Having her face towards the sea, she imagined that the boxes were still floating. She would possibly have remained a long time in this mistake, if a good woman had not convinced her of it. Curiosity, or, possibly, rather the desire of gain, had brought her to the boxes; but, if the sight of Isabella was disagreeable to the woman, the sight of the woman was very pleasing to her. She demanded her assistance,
which

which she instantly gave her with the greatest humanity. "What obligations do you owe to heaven, (said the woman) in escaping the wreck, while, according to all appearances, every one who was in the bark with you have perished."

Isabella, having assured her she was sensible of her good fortune, begged her to assist her to disengage herself from the boxes, to which she owed her life. The good woman not only assisted her in this, but offered her the use of her house, which was not far from the shore. Isabella thankfully accepted the offer, and the woman ran to call her husband to take care of the little cargo. These good people, having secured every thing that belonged to Isabella, returned to dinner. In spite of the grief in which she was involved, she could not help casting her eyes along the shore of the relentless sea, and, perceiving something at a distance like a

chest, she went to it, and found it to be that in which all her clothes were locked up.

Isabella having secured this chest likewise, turned her steps towards the house of the generous peasants, after having regarded the sea with a sorrowful eye and dejected heart. "Ah, cruel fate, (cried she) wilt thou still pursue me in this foreign land, helpless and unknown!" Perceiving her life no longer in danger, she began to turn her thoughts on the unfortunate Abalen, to whom she had predicted the most fatal consequence of loving her. "For what end hast thou so long preserved me, (cried Isabella) O impenetrable heaven, since almost every one who befriends me feels so heavily the weight of thy afflicting hand!"

In this homely cottage she received every assistance which the poverty of the place would admit of; but the deplorable

able fate of her lover employed all her attention. In the mean time the countryman went to search the shore, to see if he could discover any thing of her unfortunate Abalen. The good woman of the house, having obliged Isabella to pull off her wet clothes, put her into a warm bed, where sleep soon seized her : but this lasted but a short time. Her heart was so filled, and her mind depressed, with the fatal lot of her dear Abalen, that she awoke bathed in tears, and almost suffocated with sighs and sobbings. The countrywoman approached her, and, having given her some water, endeavoured all in her power to console her. “ Alas, madam, (said she) you ought to moderate your affliction ; you ought to reflect, that you are perhaps the only one, whom heaven has preserved from this fatal wreck : ought you not from hence to esteem yourself a happy mortal ?

You ought now to employ yourself in acknowledgements of this distinguished favour: this will draw off your thoughts from the sorrowful object of your griefs, and may induce heaven shortly to repay all your losses with happiness and felicity."

"Alas! (replied Isabella) my losses! It is not the loss of my goods I value, it is the tragical death of my lover that affects me, whom I value above all the possessions in the world!" "But, my God! (replied the woman) is not your own life dearer to you? It is not your destroying a life, which heaven has miraculously preserved you, that will restore his!" Though Isabella perceived the weight of this argument, yet she could not at present easily forget what had passed: the recollection of the misfortunes she had formerly experienced, being added to that she had just surmounted, formed so frightful an
image

image in her mind, as almost terrified her to death : she trembled, lest the future should be like the past ; and knew not what resolution to take, to secure herself against the rude shocks of cruel destiny : a sorrowful situation for a young girl unfortunate from her cradle, and exposed to so many fatal disasters ! Alone, and unknown, in a strange country ; without friends, without any one to protect her !

The countryman returned a few hours afterwards, and informed Isabella, that, after the strictest search, he could find nothing on the shore ; but that he had heard, that at a cape about a league from that place, a dead body had been taken up. The countrywoman interrupted her husband, and prayed Isabella to accept of a couple of fresh eggs, which she insisted on in so genteel a manner as was not to be expected from a woman in her situation of life. Having

eat these, and received some other refreshments, she began a little to recover her spirits. These good people, having offered her their bed, she accepted it; and passed the night in their cot. Before she retired to bed, she enquired for a cart to convey her boxes to Vannes, where she was determined to go the next day. The countryman informed her that he had a carriage and two horses, and would willingly convey her to that town: she agreed to set off early in the morning. She retired to her bed; but her mind had been too much perplexed to be so soon calmed, or admit of repose.

C H A P. XIII.

Conclusion of the history of Isabella.

THE wished-for morning at last came, and the countryman, having loaded the cart with Isabella's boxes and chests, and placed her by the side of them, after taking a tender leave of the countrywoman, and making her ample amends for the trouble she had given her, they set out for Vannes. They had not got above a quarter of the road, when this kind of carriage became insupportable to Isabella. She therefore got down, and was determined to walk; but she was still so weak, that she was hardly able to keep up with the carriage, though it went very slowly. The countryman, seeing the roads very bad, persuaded her to go through a wood, which was very good walking, and

and by the end of which the carriage must pass, assuring her that she could not possibly mistake her way. Isabella took his advice without any hesitation, and immediately entered the wood, leaving him to pursue his journey on the road.

Scarce had she got half through, when she perceived two objects as frightful to her as wild beasts. She had often heard at London, that thieves in France disguise themselves in all kinds of habits. It was not the fear of losing her money alarmed her, but that of being barbarously murdered; for she had likewise been informed, that thieves in this country, not content with the crime of robbery, generally add to it that of murder. This thought threw her into so great a fright, that she could not walk; she was seized with an universal trembling, which obliged her to support herself against a tree, to prevent her falling.

falling. These two spectres, perceiving her situation, ran to her. Isabella seeing they had each of them a large stick in his hand, gave her life over for lost. Her fate appeared hard indeed, perpetually exposed to dangers both by land and sea: she imagined, that all her cares would now finish with her life. Frightful, indeed, was the appearance of these people to those who had never before seen them, but her imagination had made them much more so than they were.

The motion, which one of them made when near her, gave her room to think that her last moment was approaching; for, seeing him put his hand under his cloak, she imagined he was seeking some murdering weapon. However, frightened as she was, she had presence of mind enough to put herself in a suppliant posture: she fell on her knees, and taking her purse out of her pocket, she

She presented it to them, begging her life.

“ You are very much mistaken, madam, (said one of them) be assured we come only to give you assistance ;” and, drawing out a bottle from under his cloak, poured out some liquor which she believed to be brandy into a cup, and persuaded her to drink it. She was now much easier, but could not help looking on them with astonishment: she begged of them to tell her, what they could want with a wretched woman, who was the sport of fortune. They looked on her with wonder and amazement: “ I perceive very plainly (said one of them, speaking more through his nose than his mouth) that you are a stranger.” Isabella, observing by their manners, that they wanted neither her money nor her life, began to lose a little of her fear, and spoke to them more freely. They expressed the
utmost

utmost tenderness for her, and endeavoured to console her the best they could. "We are (said they) poor Capuchins, who go from town to town to collect alms, which good people bestow." "Alas, gentlemen, (replied Isabella) I never saw the like before: pray, wherefore do you thus disguise yourselves?" "Our profession is (said they) to act contrary to the manners of the world, and to trample under feet its pride and vanities: But you have said right, our example is little followed." Isabella would have hearkened to them much longer, had she not been fearful of losing the carriage. As they found she was going their way, they offered to accompany her, which she had no reason to refuse, and they travelled together through the wood, which was very long.

As they walked on, they entertained her with many things she had little inclination

clination to listen to. They asked her a number of questions, which she resolved. At last, they enquired whether she knew any one at Vannes, where they found she was going. She told them, after a deep sigh, that she knew one Abalen a surgeon, but that she knew not whether she should find him there. One of them said, that he had heard he had been brought home very ill. To which the other replied, that was true, but that his illness was owing more to fright and fatigue than any thing else; that the vessel, in which he was crossing from Bellisle to Vannes, was sunk in a gale of wind, and it was with the greatest difficulty he reached the shore.

This intelligence struck her almost motionless : joy and sorrow, hope and fear, raised such a violent contest in her bosom, that it was long doubtful which could claim the victory. She
found

found herself involved in perplexity.

“ Ah, heaven, (thought she) canst thou be so favourable to me, as to have preserved the life of the tender object of my love !” But she believed herself too unfortunate to flatter herself with any such hopes. The situation of her heart was manifest in her countenance and manners, and the capuchins could not help taking notice of it ; but they contented themselves with saying, that they perceived the preservation of that gentleman was not indifferent to her.

The countryman now appearing in view with his cart, she hastened her steps to join him, after having thanked the monks for their company and good offices. The capuchins took the shortest way to the village, and Isabella followed the carriage as fast as possible, unwilling to expose herself to any new disaster, like that she had just experienced, and
which

which had almost frightened her to death. No one need wonder, that these monks were objects of horror to Isabella, as none could behold them, who were unaccustomed to such spectacles, without being affrighted: custom and familiarity indeed take off the surprise from the most ridiculous and hideous things.

The hope she had now received of seeing her lover again, dissipated her sorrow, which the countryman perceiving, told her in his manner, that he was glad to see her more chearful than she appeared the evening before. After having thanked him for his kindness, she asked him, if he knew one Abalen, a surgeon, at Vannes. He replied, that he had seen him often, and knew very well where he lived. Isabella then asked him, if there was any inn near his house; and, if there was, to carry her thither. "That I will with pleasure, madam, (replied the countryman.) I have

have often been at the sign of the Saint Ann, which is opposite Mr. Abalen's house. If you will get up into my cart, we shall soon be there."

However fatiguing this kind of conveyance was to Isabella, the impatience of getting rid of the uncertainty of the fate of her lover, made her support the inconveniency with pleasure. The flattering ideas she formed in her mind during the journey, prevented her observing the length and fatigue of it; and the variety of passions, arising from different reflections, such as comparing the intelligence of the monks, with what her own eyes had seen, her lover sinking beneath the waves, and rising no more, nor any boat or vessel near to assist him, nor any account from the country people of any one but herself having escaped, fully employed all her thoughts till she arrived at Vannes.

No

No sooner was she got to the inn, and all necessary care taken of her boxes, than she called in the mistress of the house, to enquire after the fate of her unfortunate lover. This woman was perfectly well acquainted with him, and told Isabella, that he had been brought home half dead, and, that though he still kept his bed, he was much better. Isabella thanked her for her intelligence, and, having generously rewarded the countryman for his care and honesty, and dismissed the landlady, she sat down, and wrote the following letter.

“ My dear Abalen,

“ I HAVE believed you was dead :
“ I now learn the reverse, and heaven
“ is witness of my joy : I could wish to
“ have an opportunity to let my tongue
“ tell you what my heart here dictates.
“ I now wait for a confirmation from
“ you of the most agreeable news that
“ can possibly be told me. It was by
“ chance

“ chance I learned that you was still
“ living, and I assure you, from the
“ most serious deliberation, that I
“ find I live only for you. The wreck
“ I have suffered has augmented my
“ love and my pain, of which you
“ are the object. May I flatter myself
“ with the hopes that your disposition
“ towards me is not changed? Con-
“ sult your own heart, and commu-
“ nicate the result of it to the unfor-
“ tunate

“ ISABELLA.”

The servant at the inn, who carried this letter, was not long before he brought back the following answer.

“ My lovely Isabella,
“ YOUR letter was delivered to
“ me in my bed : the disorder which
“ kept me there, proceeded from no
“ other cause than the grief I felt at
“ the loss of you. You see now I am
“ perfectly cured, since I have recovered
“ you.

“ you. You are at liberty, as soon as you
 “ please, to come and confirm the health
 “ of the faithful

“ ABALEN.”

This pleasing answer, which she bathed with tears of joy, made her fly immediately to her faithful lover. She went up into his chamber without any ceremony, and as familiarly as if she had been accustomed to it — Love directed her, and what need she more to make her bold and resolute? Isabella had taken her resolution so quick, after having received his answer, that she had hardly allowed him time to rise. He was in his night-gown when she entered; but, whether it was that he was already recovered from the fatigues of the wreck, or that her letter had restored him his health, he appeared as well as at their parting at Bellisle.

They met each other with much eagerness, and their embraces were as
 tender

tender as ardent: tears ran in plenty from their eyes, and neither of them were capable of moderating their excess of joy: the tender expressions they would have made use of could not be uttered, and sighs supplied the place of eloquence. When we recollect the danger they had escaped, and the sincerity of their mutual love, void of those affectations we meet with in love romances, it will not be difficult to form some idea of the pleasures of these lovers at this interview. What a pleasing surprise, indeed, must this meeting be after they had supposed themselves separated for ever! This kind of reunion, even between friends of slender acquaintance, is always agreeable and tender.

The first transport having ceased, they tenderly looked on each other. Abalen took Isabella by the hand, and made her be seated. “ Ah, my lovely Isa-

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bell,

bella, (said he) what have I not felt from your fatal prediction against those who loved you sincerely !" " And I, (replied Isabella) from the belief that you had experienced its fatality ! Let us endeavour to forget what is past, and enjoy the fruits of a victory, which has cost us so much." " It is my opinion, (replied Abalen) that we ought to promise ourselves as many good things from fortune as we have experienced ill ones."

After having continued some time indulging themselves in these innocent embraces, without any desire to cease them, Abalen related to her the confusion he had been in, not knowing what was become of her when the bark sunk. He had looked around him on all sides, while swimming in the midst of the waves, but could see no body, and therefore believed she had gone to the bottom with the vessel. But, while he was endeavouring to gain the shore, he perceived

perceived a young woman very near him, who was the sport of the waves. She resembled Isabella so much, that he doubted not but it was her, and swam towards her with all his strength. She seized him by the arm, and it was thus they had both like to have perished together. She undoubtedly had lost her senses ; for, though he called several times to her, to quit his arm, and take hold of his coat, she would not leave the place she had first taken. After having furiously buffeted the waves, he reached a sand, where he rested himself a few moments : but affliction entirely abated his courage, when he saw it was another person, and not his adorable Isabella ; however, recovering himself a little from the grief of his disappointment, he committed himself once more to the mercy of the waves, still held by the arm, and at last reached the shore almost dead with fatigue.

Assistance was presently given them by a number of people, whom the report of the wreck had brought thither. They carried them into a cabin, in which was a good fire. All possible means were used to recover the unhappy girl ; as for Abalen, wanting little of their assistance, he contented himself with drinking some warm wine which they brought him. The girl, who was about Isabella's age, being quite recovered, threw herself at his feet, called him her deliverer, and assured him of her eternal acknowledgments. Though Abalen felt a singular pleasure on having done so good an office, yet he could not help murmuring at Fortune for not putting Isabella in her place. After being properly dried and warmed, Abalen was carried to Vannes on a litter. The sorrowful reflections which seized him, about an hour after his gaining the shore, supposing his Isabella was lost, threw

threw him into a state which had endangered his life, and from which perhaps he should never have recovered, had he not received the happy letter from her.

Isabella in her turn related the manner of her escape from the wreck, and they both joined in thanking heaven for their deliverance. Abalen then insisted on Isabella's supping with him that night, and, having ordered something delicate and of light digestion, they both eat heartily, nothing being more proper to promote an appetite, than the ease of the heart, and the satisfaction of the mind. Supper being ended, the conversation turned on their marriage, when they settled the next day for the celebration of their nuptials, with as little ceremony as possible, after which they proposed to set out for Paris, where they intended to settle. All these resolutions were equally observed on both

fides. They were married, and soon reached Paris, where their days passed in such pleasure and comfort, as made them wholly forget misfortunes that were passed : The present promised nothing but a like for the future, and they thought themselves the happiest couple in the world.

One day, as they were walking in the Royal Gardens, they met an English gentleman, who, on seeing Isabella, stopped short, and, after looking steadfastly at her, flew to her, and, catching her in his arms, " Is it you, (cried he) my dear Isabella !" but was unable to say any thing more. Isabella, struck with astonishment, could not utter a single word, while Abalen looked in amazement, not being able to guess what all this could mean.

This English gentleman was Lord Lenox, the nobleman, who had been Isabella's friend in England, and had recom-

recommended her to the Dukes of Dorset. He recovered first from the surprise, and looking tenderly at her, "Ah, what, (said he) have you nothing to say to me!" "Alas, my lord, (replied Isabella) I have so many things to say, that I know not where to begin!" "Call me no more (said he) by the title of lord, but call me by a tenderer name, even by that of father! You are my dear unfortunate girl, whom I thought heaven had for ever robbed me of; but I will now cease my complaints, and turn them into acknowledgements." Tears flowed plentifully from the eyes of the lovely Isabella, while Abalen remained motionless. His lordship then desired them to go with him to an apartment, which belonged to him in the palace, where he acquainted Isabella with the methods he had taken to clear up his

suspicious that she was his daughter, in which he gained the fullest satisfaction.

At last, Isabella, rising, took Abalen by the hand, and presented him to her father as her husband, who received him with all possible marks of tenderness and affection. The first ceremonies being over, and the happy surprise of this unexpected meeting being a little abated by reason, his lordship called up all his servants, and ordered them to acknowledge and obey Isabella as his daughter, and Abalen as his son. He then presented her with the keys of all his effects, and insisted on their living with him in that place. Joy appeared in the countenance of every one, and an elegant supper was prepared, after which Isabella gave her father and the company the history of her adventures.

In this state of felicity they lived several years, when, his lordship dying, they returned to England, Isabella being desirous

desirous of finishing her days in her native country, where, in the enjoyment of every pleasure, which human reason can aspire to, I quitted her service for a new one.

C H A P. XIV.

Counterfeit changes his service, and becomes the property of an eminent counsellor.

AFTER leaving Abalen and Isabella, I entered into the service of a gentleman of great fortune, who had formerly shone with distinguished lustre at the bar. By his integrity and excellence in his profession, he had acquired a very considerable fortune, which, being added to a very fine estate his father had left him at his death, made him immensely rich. He had only one son, Orestes, a young gentleman adorned with every perfection that exalts human nature: he had an excellent taste for music, painting, and the *belles lettres*; he danced admirably, had great skill in fencing, was acquainted with the various
customs

customs and manners of the different nations, was humane, brave and generous ; in short, he was possessed of those excellencies, which are seldom expected from, and very rarely found in, a youth not one-and-twenty years of age.

It is no wonder, that accomplishments like those should make him the darling of his father, and the idol of his neighbours : the father was wrapped up in the son, and could not regard him but with the most singular pleasure. As the old gentleman was one morning in his room, he called Orestes to him : “ My son, (said he to him) you cannot but be sensible of the tender regard I have ever shewn you. I view your growing virtues with delight, nor can I reproach you with a single act worthy of my displeasure. But now, Orestes, it is time for you to think of altering your condition, and to change the single for the matrimonial state : your age

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will.

will now authorise it; and, by acting as prudently in such a new scene of life, as you have in that you have hitherto been accustomed to, I shall with pleasure see my child happy, and my name perpetuated."

Orestes answered his father in the most dutiful and respectful manner, assuring him, that the sense he had of his duty would never permit him to take any step without his approbation. As to matrimony, he had never yet thought of it, it was too weighty and too serious an affair; however, even in that, his commands should indisputably be obeyed. When Orestes came of age, which was a few weeks after this conversation, the old gentleman gave a ball to all his neighbours on the occasion. His house was grandly illuminated with wax-lights, the bells from afar proclaimed the news, and nothing but mirth and merriment were every where seen.

Among

Among others who came to this ball was your namesake Mercator, who, in his youth, had been a most accomplished gentleman, and bred up in the expectation of a large estate; but fortune proved very cruel to him: his parents sustained great losses, and he was at length obliged to retire into the country, upon the very small pittance which was left. However, managing this properly, he lived very genteelly, and was respected by every one; but, as he was confined to a very narrow scene of life, he lived more like a philosopher, than a man concerned in the affairs of the world; but it was not his obscurity that was capable of concealing his merit. He had a sister in London, a widow of a large fortune, who, being childless, had taken Cleora, his daughter, and bred her up as her own. The old gentleman had been accustomed to go to London every third year to
see

see her ; but, as he had lately resolved against it, yet vastly desirous of seeing Cleora, he wrote for her to come into the country to stay a month with him : consequently Cleora attended her father to the ball. At her entrance all the company seemed astonished, but none more than Orestes. His eyes were never off her, nor is it indeed to be wondered at, since description must fall very short of her real perfections : her hair was of a chestnut brown, her complexion fair ; in her countenance an almost incredible sensibility appeared, and a sweetness when she smiled that beggars all that words can describe ; her eyes were black and sparkling, her forehead high, her eyebrows arched and rather full than otherwise ; her nose of the Roman turn, which gave her a look full of dignity ; a mouth exquisitely formed, her teeth white and even, and lips not inferior to the coral in colour, or down in softness ;

ness; her neck white and beautiful, her shape delicately fine, and over her whole form there appeared irresistible charms, which entirely subdued the heart of the spectator, and gave him inexpressible pleasure.

You may reasonably conclude, that those who could refrain from admiring these personal graces, these attractive charms, must have been something less than human creatures, insensible of the powers of beauty, and an utter stranger to female charms. Orestes conceived infinite pleasure in looking at her; he gazed, till his heart followed his eyes, and could not be recalled. At length, fearing the company would take notice of him, he went to Mercator, and thanked him for the honour of his company, as well as that of the young lady, whom, had he the happiness to know, he would thank as he ought. Mercator acquainted him who she was, where
she

she lived, and the cause of her coming into the country. Orestes then entered into conversation with him on various subjects; but his eyes and thoughts were never off his beautiful daughter, who had deeply wounded his heart.

Just before the beginning of the ball, Orestes begged the honour of dancing with Cleora, to which Mercator readily consented. The young lady therefore was delivered into his hands, and the two old gentlemen entered into close discourse together, railing against the vices of the age, praising times of yore, and discoursing on politics. Orestes, now happy in his partner, was complete in his happiness. How earnestly did his eyes gaze on the fair Cleora, and shoot forth the emanations of his soul! How did his tongue lavish encomiums on her beauty, and grow wanton on her perfections! But Cleora, to whom such actions and discourse were familiar, took.

took but little notice of them. Prudence and good sense had long before determined her never to pay any regard but to such as were approved by her father : she was therefore deaf to the insinuating language of love. Though she did not implicitly believe every thing the young Orestes said to her, she could not be blind to his engaging manner of discourse, and was as much ravished by his skill in dancing, as he could be by her's. How short did that long evening seem to our lover ! The rapid hours flew away swift as the lightening, and the ball was too soon finished, when Mercator and his daughter took their leave. The love-struck Orestes pursued the mistress of his heart with eager eyes : his heart was with her, but he dared not to follow her.

As soon as the company were withdrawn, Orestes, bidding his father good night, retired to his chamber, but not
to

to sleep : Cleora was all night uppermost in his thoughts, and love denied him rest. While the dull, solemn sons of stupidity, free from the power of mighty love, consign themselves over to Morpheus, this unhappy youth was thinking of nothing but his lovely partner. He recalled to his mind all her charms, and the discreet answers she made to his discourse : these riveted him still closer to her, and he was determined to pursue her ; for, though external beauties may for a time fire the bosom, yet it is the mental accomplishments that must ravish the soul. Long and tedious was this night ! how often did he wish Phaeton would take the reins of day from the beautiful Aurora, and drive her furious horses with more than common speed ! At length the morn appeared, when, rising from his bed, his passion hurried him towards Mercator's house, without considering
what

what he was about. Being now near it, he paused of a sudden, and began to consider, whether what he was doing was prudent. Reason soon convinced him, that it was the highest rashness and presumption, to fly to one, at that early time of the morning, whom he scarcely knew, and who might probably be engaged to some happier man.

After reasoning the matter with himself, love conquered, and he got to Mercator's door just as his daughter and himself were at breakfast. The old gentleman asked Orestes if he had breakfasted, and answering in the negative, he sat down with them. On entering into a deep conversation with each other, he conceived a greater opinion of Mercator than ever he had before; nor is this to be wondered at, considering the situation of his heart. They had not talked a great while together, before Mercator withdrew, to speak with
a gen-

a gentleman on particular business, which gave Orestes an opportunity of declaring his passion. This he did in such a manner, that Cleora, blushing, was about to make a favourable answer, had not her father at that instant returned. Orestes did not follow the example of the modern heroes of romance, who, when left alone with their mistresses, are so awed by the excess of their passion, that their tongues cannot declare the sentiments of their hearts: on the contrary, he poured out his love for her in such passionate, such eloquent expressions, as that tender passion only can inspire. Orestes, though he had the highest respect for Mercator, would at that time have readily dispensed with his absence. On the old gentleman's return, the former discourse was renewed, and Orestes had no other opportunity of shewing his love to Cleora than with the language of the eyes. After having
staid

staid there till almost dinner time, he returned home, though he was much pressed by Mercator to dine with him.

A few days having passed, in which time Orestes revolved in his breast the insurmountable obstacles which stood in his way, in his intended and much-desired union with Cleora, no longer able to be deprived of her sight, and willing at once to declare the ardent fixed affection he had for her, he wrote her the following letter :

“ Dear miss,

“ The many perfections you so eminently possess, have been the constant
“ subject of my thoughts ever since I last
“ saw you : your lovely image has made
“ such an impression on my heart, that
“ it is ever in my view ; and the infinite superiority you possess over the
“ rest of your sex, has so completely
“ conquered me, that I cannot avoid
“ making you this sincere declaration
“ of

“ of it. The excess of my affection,
“ which I conceived the first moment
“ I beheld you, was surely impossible
“ to be concealed ; for, though my
“ tongue was silent on the pleasing
“ theme, yet my eyes, the faithful
“ interpreters of the heart, must have
“ sufficiently informed you what I felt.
“ The faint expressions I gave you the
“ day after of the situation of my heart,
“ were so inadequate, that, pardon me,
“ madam, if I could not resist this
“ occasion of telling you how much
“ I am the slave of love. But here,
“ indeed, I am at the greatest loss,
“ as my pen is not capable of declaring
“ the excess of my passion. Alas, my
“ dearest Cleora, no words can paint, no
“ language support, no tongue can
“ utter how much I love you. To-
“ morrow I must do myself the pleasure
“ of seeing you : in expectation of
“ which

“ which happy time I remain, my

“ dearest Cleora’s ever faithful lover,

“ ORESTES.”

C H A P. XV.

Conclusion of the history of Cleora and Orestes.

THE servant, by whom Orestes sent this letter, returned and informed his master he had delivered it into Cleora's own hand, who returned no other answer than her compliments. The next day he went himself, but unfortunately for him, Mercator was at home : he was therefore obliged to talk on indifferent subjects, and, after staying a few hours, withdrew.

It was some time, and not till after several visits, that Orestes had an opportunity of meeting her alone ; but fortune favoured him at last. Mercator was gone to a neighbouring gentleman, who wanted to consult him on an affair of the last importance, and was not expected

expected home till the evening. This so fortunate opportunity Orestes embraced. He threw himself at Cleora's feet, and by his every word and gesture so powerfully evinced the force of his passion and sincerity, that the fair one could not but believe him; yet, concealing her real sentiments as far as she could, she told him, that she could give no direct answer to him; that their fathers should be consulted in an affair of such importance; and without their consent, which she much doubted, Orestes' father being a gentleman of so immense a fortune, she could not on any account dispose of herself.

Orestes, in reply to this prudent speech, assured her, that his love for her was so pure and refined, that did she but know his sincerity, she would not be so severe to him; that love was free, and disdained to be limited within the narrow ties of custom; that parents

could not dispose of or alienate their childrens hearts ; and that, was he but assured he was not indifferent to her, he should be happy.

These, and many other arguments, so softened the heart of the fair Cleora, that at last, with a sigh infinitely softer than the Arabian breeze, she confessed a mutual love. The youth was so transported with the generous declaration, that, in the height of his extacy, he proposed a marriage in secret ; but this the prudent maid would not consent to. She told him, that whenever his father heard of it, as he certainly would in time, he would be so irritated, that the consequence must undoubtedly be fatal ; that he might depend on the constancy of her heart, and whenever a fit opportunity presented itself, she should be wholly his ; but she was determined never to engage in so weighty an affair, without her father's knowledge ;

ledge ; and as the duty of Orestes was as justly due to his father, as her's to Mercator, if he would reflect ever so little, he could not think of such an affair without his consent.

The prudence and good sense of this amiable fair transported Orestes, who, tenderly embracing her, told her, that her sentiments were absolutely right, and that he would solicit his father's consent, without which he must be eternally unhappy. In this manner these lovers employed their time till Mercator arrived, shortly after which Orestes withdrew.

The mind of Orestes was continually on the rack ; he knew that he could not be happy without Cleora, yet was greatly afraid his father would not consent to a union so disproportionate in point of fortune. For some months did the youth sigh in secret for his fair ; and all the pleasure he enjoyed

was now and then stealing a visit to her. At length, no longer able to endure the pain he suffered, he resolved to speak to his father, and know his doom at once, to be superlatively happy, or completely wretched. Going therefore to the old gentleman for that purpose, as soon as he was in his presence, his heart failed him : thrice he endeavoured to recal his scattered thoughts, but in vain ; he therefore discoursed with his father on various topics, not daring to speak on so nice a subject.

Day after day passed away, without his being able to desire his father's consent, so much was he afraid of meeting with a repulse. In the mean time, a deplorable and unexpected misfortune happened to Mercator. A banker, in whose hands almost his whole fortune lay, was gone off, and no tidings could be heard of him. This greatly distressed him, and he was obliged to summon
all

all his reason to his aid, in order to support so terrible a stroke. No sooner did Orestes hear of this melancholy affair, than he sent the following letter to him, with a two hundred pound bank note inclosed.

“ Sir,

“ I have heard of your loss, and
“ heartily sympathise with you in it.
“ Your acceptance of the inclosed trifle
“ will afford me a much greater pleasure
“ than it can possibly give to
“ you.

“ INCOGNITUS.”

This benevolence threw Mercator into an agreeable surprise. He could not conceive from whence it came, and had a great desire to know, that he might render those thanks to the worthy donor which such generosity merited; but all his conjectures were in vain. Some short time after, Cleora, seeing the letter, thought by the characters it

was her lover's ; but, the hand being disguised, she could not be certain. What an effectual method had this worthy young gentleman taken to prevent a discovery ! How greatly does such a method enhance the obligation ! And, alas, how few, how very few Orestes are there in the world !

A great many months had now with tardy pace rolled away, since Orestes had first resolved to ask his father's consent ; and so possessed was he by love's powerful grief, that his body being unable to combat with the many shocks and fatigues of his mind, he was seized with a fever. Finding his health daily decreasing, he came to a resolution of asking his father's permission to marry Cleora, let the consequence be what it would.

One day therefore after dinner, when his father was in a more than usual good humour, Orestes discovered his

his love for Cleora: he told his father he could not, nor did he desire to live without her, and begged him to consent to their marriage. The old gentleman had hardly patience to hear his son, and, starting from his chair in a furious mood, upbraided him for his mean way of thinking, as he called it, and threatened to disinherit him, if he ever mentioned it more.

After this Orestes dared not to speak to his father on the subject; but in the mean time, saw frequently the lovely Cleora by stealth, whom he wanted to prevail on to join by the bands of Hymen privately; but she absolutely refused, without the consent of their parents, to alter her condition.

Now day and night, times and seasons, and every thing, in short, became disagreeable to Orestes. The former amiable and engaging youth grew so melancholy, that he became

a second Timon ; yet did not this in the least alter the mind of his father : he was not to be prevailed on, by the misery of a child, to submit to the voice of reason and nature.

Orestes, to whom now every thing and every body, except his Cleora, were become indifferent, again asked his father in the most submissive, the most tender terms. With his eyes suffused with tears, his heart almost broke, and the frame of his body almost shattered, he begged and entreated him to give him Cleora ; for without her, he could not long survive. To this humble entreaty he received the same answer as before, but in more violent terms ; for he swore, that the next day he would make his will, and, as his estate was not entailed, he would give every thing away from him. Orestes, having received this harsh answer, retired to his room, threw himself on his bed,

bed, and gave himself up to grief and despair.

The next morning, unable to keep away from his dear Cleora, he paid her a visit; and, while he was informing her of what had happened, his servant came to him in a violent hurry, and informed him his father was suddenly taken ill with an apoplectic fit, and was so bad that it was thought he could live but a very short time. On this information, he hastened home as soon as possible; for, though his father had been very austere and rigorous to him lately, yet the generous Orestes no sooner was acquainted with his danger, than love readily gave place to his duty. He found him in the parlour on a couch, so excessive ill, that the physician, who had arrived there before Orestes, pronounced he could live but a very few hours.

The old gentleman, seeing his son in the room, spoke tenderly, and gave

him good counsel for the regulation of his future conduct. "But (says he) I charge you" — here he was taken of a sudden so ill, he could speak no more. Lifting him up, as well as they could, after some struggles, the poor gentleman, now on the brink of eternity, concluded — "My dear child — my Orestes — as you value my blessing — and every thing — that is dear to you — I charge you — never — oh! I am faint! — never to marry — oh!" — Here the fleeting soul now quitted the corporeal clay, and winged its flight, to that undiscovered country, from whence no traveller returns.

Orestes, notwithstanding his father's harshness, was much grieved at his death. He hoped he would soon have consented to the joining those hands, whose hearts were long before united; but death threw his dark veil over him, and

and hid him for ever from the commerce of mankind.

Orestes having buried his father, and for decency sake staid a proper time, he went to Mercator, and revealed to him his love for his amiable daughter. Mercator was amazed — “Sure, Sir, (said he) you are not in earnest! — A man of your immense fortune in love with Cleora! — Can you, whom thousands would think themselves happy with, place your affections on a poor girl!”

Cleora now coming in, prevented an answer; and Orestes, throwing his arms round her neck, was so transported, so lost in extacy, that he could only pronounce, “My dear Cleora, now we will never part more!” Mercator was astonished; he stood like a statue of Surprise; but Orestes, that faithful, that generous lover, now coming to himself, informed Mercator of their mutual love. The lovely Cleora was

so transported with the continuance of his affection, who was so dear to her, that she resigned herself up to the most perfect joy.

A very few days after this put Orestes in possession of the most lovely of her sex ; and these faithful lovers, who had suffered so many uneasy sensations by the unnatural cruelty of a father, whose heart was wholly set on grandeur and riches, without thinking love the least ingredient of conjugal happiness, now found their constancy amply rewarded, by the lasting pleasure of a virtuous and mutual love.

C H A P. XVI.

Counterfeit changes his service.

I Afterwards fell into the hands of a clergyman, who was at that time president of a society of philosophers, who constantly met once a week to debate on various subjects. I one night accompanied my master to this society, and I shall repeat to you what I there heard. The first, who opened the debates, was Senectus: his subject was on the different characteristics of man and woman, on which he explained himself in the following manner.

“ As nature has made a great difference in the external appearance of man and woman, we may reasonably expect to find as remarkable a one in their moral characters; for nature, in her general

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course,

course, is always uniform, consistent, and true to her own designs.

“ Men and women have ever been found to differ in their manner of acting and thinking: the female sex has always been considered as the weaker; but it is no imperfection in a dove to want the strength of an eagle.

“ There are certainly many actions becoming a woman, that would disgrace a man. I shall bestow my present attention, on distinguishing the characteristic of the male, hoping some gentleman present may hereafter speak to the female character.

“ I propose only to consider the two sexes in general, without comparing particular men with particular women. Many of the fair sex are, both in body and mind, formed much stronger than many of the men; but, upon comparing the most perfect man with the most perfect woman, and proceeding

ing gradually through all the human species, we find that the females in general are, both in their bodies and minds, weaker than the males.

“ Nature having destined woman to be the mother of mankind, they are hence, in general, more subject to infirmities and accidents than men, whose structure of body is more robust than theirs ; and as by the law of nature, the mind generally corresponds with the body, the minds of men are, for the most part, stronger than those of the women ; though nature sometimes produces prodigies of both sexes.

“ Men are, by their nature and make, designed to perform those offices, both of body and mind, which require more strength, labour and application, than women are formed for : we expect men to shew more prudence, wisdom and knowledge, than women, in all the weighty concerns of life. Prudence, wisdom,

wisdom, and knowledge, are necessarily required to discover the proper means of obtaining an end, and direct us how to proceed when dangers threaten, difficulties press, or obstacles lie in the way.

“ It is justly expected from men to provide for their families, defend their country, perform the laborious exercises, and engage in all the robust employments of life, for which they are fitted by their superior mental and corporal strength : and hence it is justly accounted shameful in a man who has a family, to leave the support and maintenance of it to his wife ; nor can he properly be called a father, who takes no care or pains to provide for his children, but devolves that office entirely upon the mother.

“ Courage, intrepidity and valour, being virtues suited to the make of a man, are justly expected from him,

as

as they require superior strength of mind and body, which enables him resolutely to encounter dangers, difficulties and misfortunes.

“ This superior strength obliges the men, on all occasions, to defend and protect the women, who, from their weakness, are less capable of defending themselves. No woman can be despised, or suffer in her character, for refusing to engage in battle; but should an officer refuse to fight the enemy, he is deservedly branded for a contemptible coward. Men are formed to stand firmer, and behave braver in dangers, than women.

“ In those distresses and misfortunes, which reduce women to tears and bewailing, men are to exert their stronger mental powers, to find out and employ the proper means of redressing these female grievances.

“ All those duties and virtues are incumbent on men, which cannot be performed

performed and exercised without magnanimity, courage, labour, and difficulty; and though there have been Amazons in the world, yet the military virtues certainly belong to men.

“ The conquering of the passions, and acting the strictly moral part, require a strength of mind, and a firmness of resolution, more to be expected from the male than the female sex. Men, on account of their greater strength, should consider themselves as destined to the severest duties and most heroical virtues, which they are more obliged, by their nature, to practise than women.

“ Nature constantly tempers one gift with another, in order to maintain a proper equality. If the female sex cannot boast of many heroines in the sublimer virtues, it is not deformed by so many monstrous vices and wicked characters, as have appeared among men. There have always been abundantly more criminals.

minals executed of the male, than of the female sex.

“ All history indeed is incomparably more ornamented by the names of illustrious men, than of illustrious women ; but, though men have a great superiority over women, in respect to the qualifications for virtue, yet in fact we sink ourselves greatly below them in vice.

“ There are many perfections, either so small in their kind, or consisting in such petty accomplishments, as very well suit the female character, but ill comport with the male. Men being destined by their nature to exercise the highest virtues, and fitted for the greatest undertakings, are too robust for the minuter delicacies.

“ When women sit at their toilets, to decorate themselves in a *proper* manner, we must allow their design to be laudable ; but would it become a man
to

to bestow so much time and pains in adorning his person? Paint and patches are intolerable things on a bearded face, but may be pleasingly placed upon a lady's.

“Expertness and readiness in judging of lace and needle-work, is doubtless an accomplishment in women, that will ill become a man. Men should not endeavour to acquire perfection in these and the like female prettinesses.

“Many of the failings, common to both sexes, are much more censurable, ridiculous, and despicable in men, than in women. I mean such failings as consist either in minute matters, or arise from some remarkable weakness, or want of power, in the mind or body. Fear does not ill become a woman; for no one expects great courage in that sex. When women cannot bear to see a drawn sword, or shudder with fright at the report of guns or cannons, men
are

are so far from laughing at them or despising them for it, as rather to compassionate, support and encourage them: but does he deserve the name of a man who trembles at the sight of a naked sword, or runs from the firing of cannon?

“ It is becoming in women to blush, and act with reserve and shyness: but such bashfulness is despicable in a man. Fear and shamefacedness, beyond a certain degree, proceed from too great a want of fortitude and magnanimity to become the male character.

“ Superstition, credulity, prejudice, and hasty judgments, better suit the softer female, than the rough masculine sex. Such foibles are unbecoming a strong understanding, and should be avoided by men, merely on account of their sex, even though they had no other reason.

“ These

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“ These outlines may serve as a general idea of the character of men, as contradistinguished from that of women, and help us to form a right judgement of ourselves, with respect to our virtues and vices.”

C H A P. XVII.

Continuation of the debates in the society.

On the exalted abilities of the fair sex.

GENEROSUS, seemingly a little angry with Senectus, for having spoke only on one side of the question, and that with some degree of partiality, sat sullen for a few moments, but then rising, thus addressed himself to the society.

“ I shall ever esteem it a duty and an honour, to defend and ennoble the character of women, preserve their dignity, set them in their real beautiful light, and equitably give them all the natural and acquired excellencies, that properly belong to their sex. I will even venture, when necessary, to risk the forfeiting of their favour to improve their understandings and prevent their destruction,

destruction, and never flatter or betray them by drawing false pictures of their external advantages, to the ruin of their minds and persons. We should particularly guard this amiable half of our species, where nature may seem to have left them weakest, or rendered them most accessible to their despisers, insulters and betrayers, vicious, guileful men, who, under pretence of adoring and idolizing female beauty, seek an opportunity of inhumanly triumphing over virtues and talents greatly superior to their own. This shocking treatment I shall labour, with all my might, to prevent, and defend the sex from the abuse and contempt of vicious, vain and unreasonable men.

“ If we enquire into the causes that render the female character cheap and despicable, we shall find them chiefly owing to the gross vices, ignorance, and errors of men, who, in general, shamefully

fully neglect the culture of female minds. Many of our sex, finding defects in their own understandings, cannot bear that women should be wiser than themselves, and, if it was in their power, would sink them to their own level; but their power extending no further than their own families, their unhappy wives and daughters are thus condemned to ignorance, or prevented from exercising their noblest mental faculties.

“ Some ignorant fathers presume so much upon their authority and right of government as to keep their daughters in a perpetual state of mean subjection, or abject slavery, of mind. I knew a gentleman, whose knowledge barely enabled him to find out a tavern, where he might constantly meet a set of drinkers like himself. This gentleman had three daughters, of fine natural parts and excellent understandings. The young ladies were happily disposed to improve

their minds, and desirous of reading books of instruction. Their father coming one day abruptly into the room, whilst one of them was reading a *Spectator* to the other two, as they sat at work; he snatched the book out of her hand, turned it over, shook his head, mumbled to himself, and at length throwing the instructive volume upon the floor, cried out, "What stuff is this? I believe the girls are mad! When women can make their own linen, keep themselves clean, and say their catechism, it is all they want; and, if ever they know more, they grow disobedient!" The eldest replied, "Indeed, papa, there is nothing bad in the book; it teaches us virtue and good breeding." "Virtue and good breeding! (cries the father) why, the young fools would be philosophers, and wiser than the whole family. Let me see no more such books in your hands!"

"Ignorant

“ Ignorant men are apt to fancy women too weak to be fit for any thing solid or serious. This is a shameful error. The powers of womens minds are not derived from their bodies : women, in general, think and reflect as well, and quicker than men. Some of the sciences are not, indeed, suitable to women, particularly those which require long and abstruse meditation, and an uninterrupted series of reasoning. Nature has formed the female sex for better purposes, than solving difficult philosophical problems, or searching after metaphysical subtilties, which would consume too much of their valuable time, and interfere with the duties of their sex. But, though women cannot study so long, or so abstractedly, as male metaphysicians, it is highly unjust to pronounce them less intelligent, or less rational, in their nature than men.

“ There are sciences wherein women, if their capacities were tried, would appear superior to men. Where wit and ingenuity, vivacity, delicacy, and quickness, are required, women manifestly excel us. By means of natural genius they have produced masterpieces of fine writing, in various kinds ; and, when acquired learning has been joined to their natural abilities, they have borne away the prize from many a learned man. If our daughters were early and properly instructed in the politer sciences, we should be surprised at the quick progress they would make, and the degrees of knowledge they would arrive at. For us, therefore, to condemn women to ignorance, and despise them for that ignorance, is injustice, cruelty, inhumanity.

“ Women are usually bred up in too low, narrow, and servile a manner of thinking, by being made to believe, that

that their principal objects are to ornament their person, improve their fortunes, and marry rich husbands : and while parents chiefly attend to such qualifications in their daughters, as fit them only for these purposes, without allowing them time and opportunities to improve in nobler knowledge, it is no wonder that the daughters, even of good families, should seldom have higher mental qualifications, than are required in chambermaids and waiting-women. This ignoble manner of thinking stifles or perverts the powers of their minds, and drives them to prefer the ornamenting their persons, to the improvement of their minds ; the adorning and accomplishing of their bodies, instead of informing their understandings, and exalting their natures.

“ Most mothers know, that when a man designs to marry, he seldom looks out for a wife of understanding, but

for one that is either rich, pretty, or frugal: the understanding of a woman, designed for a wife, being in general as little considered, as if she was expected to have none. Fine mental abilities, and polite literature, are accomplishments too high for most gentlemen to relish in a wife, whom they want more as an assistant in their domestic affairs, than as a friend, a counsellor, and companion. Hence, as few husbands have little more knowledge than qualifies them for their professions and employments, they seldom require more in their wives than fits them for useful servants. Men generally expecting only superficial accomplishments in a wife, women accordingly dress and adorn themselves to suit our folly, and think the more about external 'ornament, because they find men weak enough to be caught by it.

“Husbands,

“Husbands, in general, mistake the nature of the dominion granted them over their wives, and absurdly fancy they have thence a right to be tyrants; but the proper dominion of a man over his wife, is not to make her a slave. The use of this dominion is to preserve order and peace in the family; for which end the husband’s will is to be obeyed, when it happens to differ from the wife’s. Though, for the sake of peace, the man’s will is to be the rule, the wife is his natural adviser and counsellor, whose opinion he should always listen to and follow if he finds it more just and reasonable than his own. It is contrary to the laws of God and nature, for a husband to require blind obedience from his wife.

“Many men weakly imagine, that this dominion gives them such a superiority over women, as renders the whole sex despicable, in comparison of

themselves. Such men will not suffer their wives to reason with them, because they are women, and crown their despotic triumphs by asking, how should a woman know any thing? This procedure is so absurd and ridiculous, that where it is found, the husband may properly be said to want human sense.

“ Some stupid and tyrannical husbands pretend to a miserable kind of low wit; and, for want of invention, can never bring forth a jest, but at the expence of their wives. All the stale invectives against the sex are trumped up, by these heroes, to abuse their wives with; and, as such doughty champions, without antagonists, must always appear victorious, women are thus abused to their faces, while, for very sensible and decent reasons, they either dread or refuse to defend themselves, which so plumes these triumphant gentlemen, that at length they turn their stupid
jest

jects into earnest, and thence really acquire a shameful and unnatural contempt of women.

“ I shall always acknowledge the female sex to be the glory and ornament of our own, and allow them equal understandings with ourselves. All those, who deserve the name of men, will ever esteem and value them highly. I shall ever employ my best endeavours in their service, and strive to restore their original splendor and dignity.”

C H A P. XVIII.

*Continuation of the debates in the society.
Considerations on the married state.*

HYMENIUS next rose, and, paying his respects to the society, addressed them as follows.

“ The two gentlemen who spoke last have given me singular pleasure. I do not intend to take upon me to confute the arguments of either, but will suppose both of them founded on reason and judgment. I will, however, confess, that I am always more pleased with what adds to the honour of the fair sex, than with any thing that degrades them. My discourse at present shall be turned on that subject which materially concerns both sexes, and which is designed by nature to add to their happiness and felicity.

“ That

“ That marriage is natural, and a powerful means of ennobling the species, appears to me so just and reasonable, as richly to deserve some considerations on that subject.

“ Love, in general, arises from the pleasure, which all men naturally take in whatever they judge or perceive to be good and perfect. Wedded love, in particular, is the tenderest, most affectionate, and most pleasing passion, that can mutually exist between the two sexes, and arises from a discovery of each other's perfections. The pleasure of this discovery excites a strong desire in two such discoverers to have their souls united, and the union secured to them by marriage; which thence becomes a state, wherein man acquires a new set of conceptions, a new system of thoughts, which prove highly advantageous and suitable to his nature. Indeed, he who is happily married finds himself much

more a man, than he did when single, much more useful in life, better adapted to society, and suited to the action of more virtues.

“ Men by marriage become, in every sense, nearer related, or closer connected, with the rest of the species. Our wives are thus rendered as dear to us as ourselves, and the remoter degrees of affinity made proportionable objects of our attention. By marriage we are rendered more beneficent and less selfish, find our hearts and capacities enlarged, our natural affection and compassion, our friendship and benevolence, improved, refined and exalted. Marriage teaches us more sensibly to feel the misfortunes and necessities of others, and acquaints us with the various changes and turns in life, and with whatever belongs to men to know and practise.

When single, we only see the world in gross and in general ; when married

we

we see it in detail and particular, and view those things singly, and one by one, which we before saw in the heap. By means of matrimony our ideas of human nature become clear, bright, and distinct, which before were confused, general, and indeterminate: whence we reason and judge with more knowledge and clearness, from our own experience to that of others, and from that of others to our own; we feel the force of arguments which we did not understand before, and explain to ourselves numerous particulars that, till now, seemed dark, strange, and unaccountable.

“ Marriage, by furnishing us with a thousand opportunities of knowing mankind, understanding the nature of things, and improving our mental faculties, is an excellent school of virtue to men. The joys and comforts, which a man who is suitably married feels at home, render him more civilized and compassionate.

compassionate abroad, and the love he bears to his wife and children humanizes his heart for others. Marriage teaches us to estimate things according to their true value and use, and to behave in a proper manner towards the rest of mankind.

“ Many things conspire to render the married state more happy than the single, and particularly the friendship that mutually subsists between the husband and wife. All who have felt the power of friendship will acknowledge, that it has a happy influence over their whole conduct. Friendship is a virtue worthy of man, as it greatly ennobles his nature, and produces much good in the world. It makes us useful, steady, firm, careful, manly, and as sollicitous to promote the happiness of our friends as our own.

“ We must always suppose, that the married pair have a tender and mutual love and friendship for each other, which induces

induces them to lay aside the natural inattention or insensibility to others, so usually found in unmarried persons. A happy marriage produces the warmest friendship, which gaining the ascendant, the married pair are hence more inclined to cultivate friendship with others; and as their matrimonial affection leads them to overlook or indulge the weaknesses and failings of each other, they grow less attentive to the common failings of mankind, and by degrees acquire a civilized deportment towards all they converse with. The amiable looks and friendly behaviour, which the husband and wife constantly practise towards each other, extend, in a proportionable degree, to all their acquaintance, and warm their hearts to reciprocal friendship.

“ Providence having destined men to the laborious employments of life, they are accordingly obliged to arm themselves
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with resolution and intrepidity, to encounter difficulties and dangers; which render seriousness, earnestness, and fortitude of mind, necessary in men; and if these rough virtues were not moderated and softened by the tenderness of women, men would become too rigid and intractable for civil society: but women, who must be supported, protected, defended, and provided for by men, are in their nature delicate, amiable, formed for pleasing, and softening the masculine ferocity. They would in general lead disagreeable lives, if they could not influence the hearts of men to marry; but by their gentle power, and their lovely address, to bend our tougher minds, they justly obtain their right of support from men. This difference in the minds of the husband and wife produces such a powerful effect, such an agreeable interchange and harmony of the passions, as render
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the married state much more pleasing and desirable than the single; a great advantage being thus derived to human nature, as both the husband and wife have their minds and ideas mutually improved, supported, regulated, and humanized by each other.

While a man lives single, his chief care and attention being bestowed on himself, he does not exert all the powers of which he is possessed; but in the married state, the man is bound to provide for another as well as himself, and consequently must then exert the powers in a higher degree, and employ the faculties of his soul to better advantage; and the greater good a man does, in proportion to what he is capable of doing, the more manly he is. Single persons, who, without sufficient reason, refuse to marry, are to be considered as half-men, wanting the courage and address, the pleasing satisfaction, of performing

forming many great duties, which Providence has beneficently prepared men for. We cannot appear to advantage, when out of our proper sphere: marriage is the situation that renders us all most human and useful. Allowing that a single man could be endowed with the highest moral qualities, yet he could not give such manifest proofs of his possessing them, as one who is married.

There is indeed a kind of men, who ought never to enter into this state. Indolence, ignorance, meanness, tyrannical pride, and all the vices that dishonour human nature, unfit us for the duties of marriage. A good husband lives up to the laws of his nature, but a bad one is, in every light, inhuman.

“ Men, by the labour and fatigue they undergo, in performing their several duties and offices of life abroad, require refreshment and comfort at home;

home; and, if they find it not there, their situation is miserable, and renders them churlish, fretful, and displeasing to others; whence the attendants upon single men usually endeavour to avoid them, when such moroseness, displeasure and inhumanity appear. But, when a weary husband returns home to a wife who tenderly loves him, when he hears her enlivening voice, and sees the friendly smile upon her face, new pleasures instantly arise in his heart; all fatigue and dejection vanish from him, who is thus received and supported. This grateful reward animates and encourages the husband daily to renew his labours with fresh alacrity, pleasure and satisfaction; while single men, for want of these comforts, cannot so well perform the duties of their stations.

“ Single men, though ever so humanized, know nothing of that capital human pleasure, which highly distinguishes

guishes us as men, and which no one can procure, but by the means of matrimony : the joy that a parent receives from children, parents alone can have any idea of. The exultation of mind, which parents feel from the consciousness of having children, participates of somewhat divine.

“ The parental relation is found even among brutes, who never discover greater joys or excellencies, than when they have young ones, nature, at those times, rendering even the dullest brutes alert, the most stupid sensible, the most lazy industrious, and the most cowardly courageous. If nature operates so powerfully upon brutes on this occasion, how much stronger does she operate in the hearts and minds of human parents, who, by having a numerous offspring, find their power and strength considerably encreased and multiplied.

“ Parents

“ Parents regard their children not only as a continuation of themselves, but as the ennoblers of their nature, by an additional sacred dignity ; for there is no human connection more sacred, than that which is formed between parents and their children.

“ Marriage, therefore, is laudable in the highest degree, and man is in his height of dignity when he becomes a virtuous husband, and a good father.”

C H A P. XIX.

*Counterfeit changes his service. History
of Mrs. Wisp.*

AS soon as the debates were finished, the assembly broke up, and I accompanied my master home. Though I remained a considerable time in his service, very little else occurred worth my notice of troubling you with. Thus much, however, must in justice be said of him, that, among the various reverend gentlemen I served, he had the least of the counterfeit about him. The ignorance, folly, and indiscretion, I met with in my next place, will sufficiently appear in the history of Miss Wisp, whose service I entered into on quitting that of the clergyman.

Her mother was of an ancient family, and her father, Mr. Solomon Wisp, a gentleman

gentleman well descended. He usually lived absent from his wife eight or nine months in the year, his business being to attend markets and fairs, and buy up horses for sale; and, whilst he continued at home, his time was so much taken up in settling of his books and accounts, that his married state might be looked upon only as an episode in his life. It may give a sufficient idea of his character to say he was a great dealer, and little else; knowing how to buy cheap, sell dear, and keep his accounts, being his principal qualifications. He read the news, and studied the almanac; and this was the extent of his reading. He left the whole management of his family affairs to his wife, in whose prudence and integrity he reposed an entire confidence.

In the year 1712, he was obliged to travel so much, and attend so many fairs, that knowing his business would

take him up half a year, he prepared himself accordingly, took his leave, and set out upon his journey. The week after his departure, his provident wife thought proper to acquaint him by letter, that she suspected herself to be in a thriving situation, to which he returned her an immediate answer, wishing her joy upon the occasion. She smiled at the credulity of her husband; but, in fact, Mr. Wisp's conduct was not so reproachable as her's, who then lived very familiarly with an officer quartered in her neighbourhood.

It might seem as if Mrs. Wisp had prophesied; for, in six weeks after her husband's departure, she really found herself with child. Mr. Wisp contrived his affairs in such a manner, as to be able to stay at home during his wife's lying-in, and made all the necessary preparations for the christening; but, she going a fortnight beyond his reck-

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oning,

oning, the good husband began to be frightened, he having heard that, in such cases, a difficult time was to be expected. He consulted the midwife, who told him he must certainly have mistaken the reckoning; but Mr. Wisp producing his almanac, and shewing the day he began his last journey, it plainly appeared there could be no great mistake in the calculation. The midwife, who was well skilled in removing scruples upon this head, replied, that Mrs. Wisp would be brought-to-bed of twins, or, like many other women, might go beyond the usual time, and yet do well. This answer quieted Mr. Wisp, and in a month after his wife was safely delivered of my present mistress.

As soon as the christening was over, Mr. Wisp undertook another journey, after particularly recommending the infant to the care of her mother. He departed

extremely well satisfied, as his wife, the midwife, the nurse, the chambermaid, and the officer, who was invited to the christening, all assured him that the little dear was his very picture.

Having nothing remarkable to say of my mistress's tender infancy, I shall give you the character of her mother, who, though descended from a good family, was uncommonly superstitious and attentive to dreams, the cries of screech-owls, the croaking of ravens, &c. and took them for so many omens, signs and warnings. She was otherwise a notable housewife, but changed her servants a little too often. She was well acquainted with the intrigues of the town; she dressed fine, and was full of ceremony and compliment. When invited to dine abroad, she used always to eat before she went out, in order to appear the more genteel, thinking it unbecoming a gentlewoman to eat with an appetite

petite in company. And thus qualified was the mother, to instruct and form the mind of her daughter.

Though I designedly pass over many particulars that happened to my mistress, from her birth to the age of fifteen, I must not omit to mention, that Mrs. Wisp, having no other child after this, grew doatingly fond of her, and endeavoured, by all the means she could contrive, to render her as accomplished as herself. I will acquaint you with the method she took to improve and form her tender mind, her person and her morals.

At nine years old my mistress was taught to read, - write, and say her catechism. She learned to read tolerably well, but was greatly deficient in writing and cyphering: so that she could not, at the age of fifteen, put down her own little expences, or readily find the pages in a book.

She learned no more of religion than a few short forms of prayers, the common answers to the questions in the primmer, and to curtsy at church when the sacred name was mentioned. On the other hand, she was amply furnished with stories of spirits, witches and enchantments, and taught to avoid all unlucky days and seasons. Some common love-songs she learned of her mother, and that was all the music and poetry she knew. If to this be added the usual qualifications of needlework, cookery, and preserving, you have a complete idea of all the real knowledge she possessed.

Miss Wisp's person was squeezed up to resemble her mother's; and, though naturally of a large bony make, she must needs be made to have little feet, and a slender waist; accordingly, from her infancy, she was strait laced, and wore pinching shoes. The mother
collected

collected may-dew to wash her daughter's face with, and made her wear gloves in bed to preserve a white hand. Little feet, a slender waist, and a white skin, were the principal beauties of her person. She had a broad face, a thick nose, and a wide mouth.

The morality she was bred up in is no less remarkable : she was taught to exercise patience in standing still to be dressed, whilst her mother was telling her she should be as fine as a bride, and every quarter of an hour bringing her to the glass, to let her see how pretty she was, and how complete a wife she would make.

Miss Wisp was thus early instructed to think of a husband, and to entertain a strange confused idea of a bride and bridegroom. She was hence taught to dress and adorn herself with the utmost care, that her beauties might appear to the best advantage. The dazzling

notions of a bride, a bridegroom, and her own beauty, being by this means connected together in her mind, and heightened by frequently contemplating herself in the glass, she at length, like Narcissus, fell passionately in love with her own person.

She played with her baby till the age of fifteen, and her favorite diversion was that of christening, in which she generally acted the mother's part. She had a great intimacy with an elderly maid of the family, who acquainted her with many more particulars than are here proper to mention. As in all respects she over-acted the character of a beauty, without being tolerably pretty, her person and whole behaviour became constrained, forced, affected, and ridiculous. When she walked, she appeared as if bound together in stays of iron: whence all her motions, instead of being genteel and easy, were stiff, awkward, and

and disagreeable. She spoke little in company, as not knowing how to converse; and, besides, when she opened her mouth, she shewed a long yellow tooth, towering above its rank, which she always endeavoured to conceal; and therefore, when obliged to speak, did it with an ill grace.

Miss Wisp was fond of men, but had not charms to draw a circle of them about her. She could neither think or act in a sensible, rational manner; yet fancied she wanted nothing to accomplish her but a husband. Though she went constantly to church, and appeared in company, she was neither devout nor sociable, for both at church and in company she was always contriving how to manage her person, or place her limbs, so as to appear in the most advantageous attitudes. She imagined every one gazed on her with transport, or admired her for her beauty and gen-

tility. When she came home, the first thing she did, after undressing herself, was to run to her baby, and kiss her lap-dog. In this manner was Miss Wisp educated and instructed.

Much about this time, Mrs. Wisp finding her constitution beginning to decay, by becoming gross, cold, and phlegmatic, and weak of digestion, was advised to take a glass of brandy every day after dinner, as others take a glass of wine. Miss undoubtedly must be indulged with the same, in order to keep her mama company, which at last grew so upon her, that, when sent to fetch the bottle, she would generally take a sip by the way, and sometimes secrete a little for her own private use.

Both her parents died, within a twelvemonth of each other, and she was left sole mistress of a very plentiful fortune, which soon procured her a husband,

husband, who was a sober man and detested all spirituous liquors. She had not long been a bride, before she began to feel the want of her usual sips. She had frequent coldnesses and cravings at her stomach ; but her modesty prevented her from asking her husband for brandy, and she was at present too great a stranger in his family to entrust any of the servants with her secrets. She therefore grew inwardly discontented and dissatisfied with all about her, and took an aversion to her husband, as thinking it strange he should keep no brandy in his house. He, imagining that his wife pined at the loss of her parents, at first took little notice of her sullen behaviour ; but she growing more and more out of humour, he at length kindly entreated her to tell him the cause of her uneasiness : she replied, she was violently troubled with a pain at her stomach, upon which a glass of aqua mirabilis being

being sent for, the new-married lady grew easier, alledging she had formerly been subject to this disorder, but that a little drop of brandy always used to relieve her.

The pain, however, returned the next day, and the good-natured husband gave her some more aqua mirabilis; but it now growing a trade in the family to send for it, the master absolutely forbade his servants to fetch any. This command failed of answering the end desired: for, by degrees, she prevailed upon them to bring her strong waters privately, till at length she carried her practice to such a height, that the first thing she did in the morning was to take a glass, by way of prevention; at noon another, to give her an appetite; after dinner, to help digestion; after tea, to warm it upon her stomach; and on going to bed, to make her sleep.

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These were her ordinary calls and occasions, besides accidental sips between whiles, when the bottle came in sight, or when she put herself in a passion, which frequently happened. She grew so fond of this bewitching liquor, that she made away with her wearing apparel to purchase it, her husband prudently keeping her short of money ; and being no longer able to buy the best sort, she came down to vulgar geneva, and used it in the most plentiful manner.

In the mean time her family affairs, you may be sure, run into confusion; she grew dirty, sluttish, and entirely negligent of her person, and every part of her dress: she frequently went tottering about the house, like a wooden image upon springs, incapable of giving the necessary orders on any common occasion: she doated on the bottle, which she could seldom bear to have out of her sight.

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Her husband deeply felt this shocking transformation; and, upon receiving fundry bills of parcels for spirituous liquors, grew so enraged, that one morning, rushing into her chamber, and finding her with the bottle before her, he dashed it against the floor. Madam, thus touched in a feeling part, cried out thieves and murder in such an outrageous manner as alarmed the neighbourhood, who, coming to her assistance, found the drunken wife and the provoked husband fairly fighting it out together. The gentleman longest carried visible marks of the contest, but my mistress received the harder blows. This was their first fray, but the battle was afterwards frequently renewed.

The incensed husband advertised, that he would pay no debts of his wife's contracting, and took the management of the family into his own hands, without suffering her to have
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the disposal of a shilling that he knew of, which drove her to sell whatever she could lay her hands on, and to rob her husband whenever she had an opportunity. This being constantly the case, and the poor man finding no relief for his misfortune, he fell into a lingering illness, and died in two years after his unhappy marriage, leaving every thing from her that he could : so that at his death she found herself in but indifferent circumstances.

This made no alteration in her manner of proceeding, for she still continued her old practice, and rendered herself despicable to her servants, and odious to all her acquaintance. Her servants rejoiced when she was incapable of speaking, for then they escaped abuse. Sometimes, indeed, when the liquor began to operate, she would be good natured for a while, talk of family affairs, bad times, and the decay

of religion; but soon after, as the liquor took more hold, she would grow outrageous, and vent herself in the most indecent and vulgar expressions.

The extraordinary part is, that in her widowhood she should turn devotee; but perceiving her stock almost exhausted, and not being able to live without liquor, she joined herself to a certain set of pietists in the neighbourhood, and frequently visited them, taking care to prepare herself for those visits by a moderate glass, that, warming her to a proper pitch, she could then put on the appearance of sanctity, and talk so devoutly among them as to pass for a saint. By practice and experience, she became a great proficient in hypocrisy, and often made the fumes of the liquor pass upon the ignorant for devotion. Sometimes she would even go so far as to sing hymns, and act like a nun in a convent. Suffice

it to say of this wretched woman, that she at last died miserably in a work-house.

Counterfeit was going to give an account of his next service ; but a violent noise being made at Mercator's door, he awoke, and perceived that every thing, which had been represented to his imagination, was nothing but a dream. Getting up and opening the door, he found a messenger come to acquaint him, that a Turkeyman, laden with an immensely-rich cargo, which had been given over for lost, was safely arrived in the river. This return of his good fortune enabled him to pay all his debts, and purchase a comfortable estate in the country, where he lived respected by the great and good.

To conclude : — Kind reader, whatever thy age or condition in life, guard against *Counterfeits*. As poisonous adders lurk beneath the cover of the most
delight-

delightful shrubberies, so falsity and deceit are concealed under alluring language. Let the various characters you have here read teach you, that friendship, honour, and sincerity, are fine words, much talked of, and but little practised : remember this certain truth, that *interest* is the *primum mobile* of all human actions, at whose shrine are constantly sacrificed every tender virtue, every social perfection ; that (however strange it may appear) vice there puts on the appearance of virtue, and even the keenest *resentment* is forgotten. Learn to imitate the few amiable characters you have here met with, and avoid falling under the censure justly due to those that are detestable.

THE END.